

Sports Illustrated

OCTOBER 28, 1963 25 CENTS

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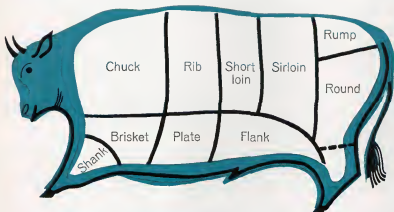
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Next week

BIG LINES and power defenses are back in the Big Ten, where the leading teams are enjoying their best season in years. Dan Jenkins reports on the midwestern renaissance.

A BARREL OF LAUGHS is 250-pound Tulsa Millionaire John Zink, who poys coyotes from a penthouse, builds winning Indianapolis cars and dresses in terry-cloth shorts.

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**A few words to women
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RENAULT 



PHOTOGRAPHED ON LOCH LOMOND, SCOTLAND. BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND. BLENDING SCOTCH WHISKY. 46 PROOF. IMPORTED BY "D" BARNES, INC., N.Y.C.

The barley, the peat, the barrels, the water, the geese and the "nose" that make Ballantine's the true and good-tasting Scotch.

A true and good-tasting Scotch Whisky like Ballantine's doesn't just happen.

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The peat which is burned to dry the malted-barley lends flavor and character to the spirits.

The aging barrels are oak, charred inside to help soothe the whisky during its lengthy slumbering period.

The water used comes from Loch Lomond (in background). It is extra soft, salt-free and iron-free.

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The car pictured above is a 1964 Chrysler 300 2-Door Hardtop. Like every new Chrysler it is warranted* for five years or fifty thousand miles. That's a lot of miles and a lot of years. How can you back a car so solidly? Engineer it that way. Build it that way. Here are some other things you'll like about this sporting breed from Chrysler. The bucket seats are standard. And you'll notice the passenger's bucket seat reclines. Also, the V-8 that powers the 300 is not exactly something your maiden aunt would like to step into. But you would. Go see your Chrysler dealer. Move up to the crisp good looks of a 300 today.

*Solid protection for a solid investment . . . 5-year—50,000-mile warranty. Chrysler Corporation warrants for 5 years or 50,000 miles, whichever comes first, against defect in materials and workmanship and will replace or repair at a Chrysler Motors Corporation Authorized Dealer's place of business, the engine block, head and internal parts, intake manifold, water pump, transmission case and internal parts (excluding manual clutch), torque converter, drive shaft, universal joints, rear axle and differential, and rear wheel bearings of its 1964 automobiles, provided the owner has the engine oil changed every 3 months or 4,000 miles, whichever comes first, the oil filter replaced every second oil change and the carburetor air filter cleaned every 6 months and replaced every 2 years, and every 6 months lubricates in such a dealer evidence of performance of the required service and requests the dealer to certify (1) receipt of such evidence and (2) the car's then current mileage.

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CHRYSLER DIVISION



CHRYSLER
MOTORS CORPORATION

SCORECARD

A FEDERAL COMMISSION—NOW

The death after a fight in Baltimore of boxer Ernie Knox, in the circumstances reported on pages 16-21, must be counted one of the sleaziest and most shocking scandals in prizefighting history.

Inevitably, the tragedy has revived pleas for the abolition of prizefighting, generally from politicians and editorialists who know little about the sport. But the men with authority in boxing seem intent on being the abolitionists' best allies. Most of them have proved themselves irresponsible, or worse.

We are usually the last to have anything to say in favor of governmental interference with sport, but we believe that unless boxing is given a strong federal commissioner, and soon, its prospects of survival are dim.

WINTER WARM-UP

With the Winter Olympics fast approaching, the American Broadcasting Company has started a lively series of 15 television programs on the history, the personalities and the skills of the world's outstanding winter athletes. The film clips of heroes and heroines from past Olympics are fascinating. Watching Sonja Henie win her third straight gold medal at Garmisch-Partenkirchen in 1936, one cannot believe that those whimsical, six-inch jumps and matronly spins made a world-beater. By the same token, Gretchen Fraser, winning America's first skiing gold medal in the slalom at St. Moritz in 1948, looks like a live caricature of how to come in last at Innsbruck in 1964.

To explain modern technique, ABC has guests like U.S. Olympic Coach Bob Beattie on Alpine skiing; Carol Heiss on figure skating; former world champion Stan Benham on bobsledding. Except for a few small lapses (the presentation of ski-jumping is cut off before the jumper soars into his final position), the experts make their subjects simple and understandable.

In this otherwise excellent series, there is, alas, one recurring distraction. At the end of each program, various American

athletes of Olympic ability come on to shill for funds to send the U.S. summer-games team to Tokyo. Granted the U.S. Olympic Committee needs money. But Jim Beatty, John Pennel *et al.*, however skillful they may be on the field, are hesitant and wooden when running off a sales pitch. And their slogan—"Raise the colors more in 1964"—is about as un-Olympic an idea as you can find.

EGG ON THE FAIRWAY

The Professional Golfers' Association announced matter-of-factly the other day that a Mr. Al Lew of Sacramento had won the PGA's annual hole in one contest by making a hole in one on the 385-yard 15th hole at the Bing Maloney Golf Course. Mr. Lew used a 4-iron to score his ace, the PGA said. That was it. Period. No further explanation as to what manner of man is Al Lew. Does he always use a 4-iron for 385-yard shots and if so, what the devil happens when he hits the ball with his driver? Perhaps the 15th at Bing Maloney runs down the side of a mountain. Is the fairway made of concrete?

Turns out the PGA made a little mistake. Al Lew shot a hole in one, all right, but it was on the 16th hole, which is only 157 yards long. That means Mr. Lew is not the winner, since many holes in one longer than that have been registered with the awards committee. Unfortunately, the trophy has already been shipped to Mr. Lew, and now he will have to return it. The PGA will announce the true winner shortly, just as soon as it wipes the egg off its face.

GIMME SOME

Well, we've got another campaign by a group of businessmen who think it would be nice if a rival were forced to give his product away free. This one comes from California, where Walter O'Malley, shrewd owner of the Los Angeles Dodgers, is wiring up some 20,000 California homes to receive pay TV on Dodger games next summer. Comes a group called the California Crusade for Free

Television, backed by \$500,000 in pledges from the owners of 800 California movie theaters, to launch what it calls "an all-out crusade to place the issue of preserving free home TV to a vote of the people." The reason the Crusaders are crusading, they say, is because pay TV constitutes "an imposition upon the public to force them to pay for TV programs which they now receive free."

Let's ignore the fact that none of these 800 theater owners thinks his own movies ought to be piped free into people's houses. Let's just remember, this time and always, that professional sports are a product, produced at considerable investment risk by private businessmen. The teams and their exhibitions are owned by these private businessmen. What the Constitution says about private property is that a man can do with it as he pleases. It pleases Mr. O'Malley to send his product into 20,000 homes, at a price. And we suspect it would please the 800 theater owners, too, if they could just get a piece of the action.

UNDERCAT

Consider Maximilian Cat Ancestry? Pure alley. Enthusiasm for the opposite sex, neuter. Orange with white-tipped paws. Max lives in Victoria, B.C. with Derek Rhind, a photographer, and his wife, Barbara, a medical illustrator.

Two years ago, for laughs, the Rhinds entered Max in a fancy cat show in Edmonton, Alta. His redemption price,



sort of like a claimer in horse racing, was \$1. In the course of the show, Max sipped water from the judges' water glasses and put his paw around their necks with feline affection. To the amazement of all, including his fancy con-

continued

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SCORECARD *continued*

petitors, he was named best in his class.

The Rhinds figured they had something, and they entered Max in shows in Vancouver, Calgary and Edmonton again. He won 64 ribbons and four best-neuter-cat-in-show awards. In competition with purebred Siamese and Burmese cats, Max has never taken less than 94 out of 100 points. The American Cat Fanciers Association of Austin, Texas designated him regional neuter champion of North America.

Now the Rhinds have retired Max. "There's nothing left for him to win," says Derek. "Let him do what he wants. Besides, we missed him when he was away at those shows." Max cannot retire to stud, but he can pass many a long winter night purring about his achievements over the better-born.

HOW MANY CHAPTERS?

You remember the story. How Athol Graham tried to break the world's land speed record three years ago and died in a crash on the Salt Flats at Bonneville? How his wife Zeldine scooped up the broken bits of his racing car and slowly stitched them together again? How Zeldine told young Otto Anzjon, her late husband's mechanic, that he would drive the mended racer to a new record?

Zeldine Graham knew this was not so, that Anzjon was dying of leukemia, but she played her role so well that Anzjon dreamed of setting a new record almost to the day he died. There the story might have ended, but Zeldine has not let it. Soon after Anzjon's death, she hired a new driver, Harry Muhlbach. Together, they showed up at last summer's Bonneville National Speed Trials. Muhlbach drove the rebuilt car through a series of pace runs and said it was ready.

On a dismal, overcast dawn two weeks ago, Muhlbach rolled the car out on the flats, aimed it down the line and gunned the motor. How fast he was going when he crashed is unclear. Muhlbach thought it was about 395 mph, the U.S. Auto Club said it was more like 200 mph. In any event, the racer's brake parachute accidentally popped out and the car skidded sideways for more than a thousand feet, rolling over twice. Miraculously, Muhlbach was unhurt.

The crash ignited a storm of protest among racing people at Bonneville. The most pertinent words were spoken by Anthony Granatelli, a Studebaker test-driver: "Everybody who knows anything

about racing realizes that Mrs. Graham's car isn't engineered for this run. It's frightening for us to know that thing is running out there."

But on the Flats, Zeldine Graham already was methodically collecting the jagged pieces of her broken racing car. "Oh, God," said Granatelli, "I hope she doesn't race that thing again."

FITNESS REPORT

Last week members of New York's Joint Legislative Committee on Sports and Physical Fitness listened with deep feeling to a report by school teachers and coaches whose athletic programs were hamstringed by lack of money. The report could not have fallen on more receptive ears—the Committee itself had prematurely run through a \$30,000 operating budget, and a deputy state controller noted that the books listed debts of \$4,000, assets of 77¢.

Whither the 30,000 claims? Well, there was that physical fitness movie they had made; and there were all those investigative committee meetings. Now, in Manhattan, you don't investigate fitness just any old place, you go over to Toots Shor's restaurant and chew the surlow fat—about \$400 worth. Then, occasionally, you like to get out of town, see what other sports are talking about. Committees therefore buffed off to Las Vegas (some \$350 in odds and ends there like attendance at the Liston-Patterson fight), San Francisco (\$150), even up to Saratoga Springs (\$280). Altogether, some \$4,000 has gone up in smoked salmon, lodging and travel in the last six months.

Unfortunately, the committee has yet to come up with much beyond this expense report. Its members do know, to be fair, that per pupil New York City school gymnasiums are 40 square feet undersized. And they do believe that when a slithery blonde named Ann Bitters recently demonstrated the salubrious effect of body rhythm in an Albany hearing room, she made a real contribution. So, though newspaper editorials were grumbling about its *zesty modesty*, the committee was still hard at work last week. But with only 77¢ in the till, its members—who have asked for a new appropriation of \$10,000—were having sit-ups and coffee for lunch.

TOO MUCH OF A BAD THING

Having been runkled for some time by the trend in horse racing toward commercialism at the sacrifice of quality, we were gratified to be joined in protest last

week by John Hay Whitney, co-owner of Greentree Stable. At a dinner in his honor given by the Thoroughbred Club of America in Lexington, Ky., Mr. Whitney hit racing's problem right on the head. In fact, he hit it on both its heads: 1) the business promoters and 2) the tax-hungry politicians who have taken an increasing hold on the nation's tracks.

"The spirit of racing is in jeopardy wherever and whenever sportsmen lose control," said Mr. Whitney. And even as he spoke, the New York State Racing Commission, for revenue purposes, forced its tracks to extend their season to December 7—longest in the state's history—when running conditions can be filthy and even dangerous.

"To check the slide of racing toward the level of professional wrestling," said Mr. Whitney, "racing commissionerships must not be passed out as political plums. Men qualified to administer the business of racing are not necessarily qualified to administer the sport of racing." As examples, he cited the spread of betting gimmicks like the twin double and Pie-Six, which may increase the mutual handle but push racing farther toward a blind lottery. Mr. Whitney also deplored nose-race cards, as well as management that is "more concerned with the publicity value of fast times and track records than with the soundness and well-being of horses."

The racing men at Lexington—and elsewhere—having deservedly honored the right man, would do equally well to honor and implement Mr. Whitney's sound advice.

THEY SAID IT

- Green Bay Packer Halfback Paul Hornung, sitting out a suspension for gambling, to a football-pool winner at the Evansville (Ind.) Quarterback Club. "You should feel good picking 20 out of 25. That's a lot better than I used to do."
- Clown-faced Welterweight Luis Rodriguez, on his unique profile. "When I am a baby, my mother tells me all the time I am beautiful. Now, I look in the mirror each morning, and I say, 'My mother, she wouldn't lie to me.'"
- George Will, British Ryder Cup team member, on one of his partners in the Sahara Invitational Golf Tournament at Las Vegas. "Incredible fellow. He was all over the course but never on the fairway. Every time I looked up he was coming over a sand dune. I didn't know whether to call him Lawrence of Arabia or Rommel, the Desert Fox."

END

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JAMES DRANE

Sports
Illustrated

OCTOBER 20, 1963

THIS DEATH MIGHT



While nurses comfort his hysterical brothers and sisters, corpse of Ernie Knox lies in open casket at Baltimore's Simmons Memorial Baptist Church.

When an unknown fighter named Knox died after a bout in Baltimore last week, it became evident that callous promoters and conniving supervisors may yet destroy the sport itself

CONTINUED

KILL BOXING

A MYSTERY REVEALS A NASTY MESS

by ROBERT H. BOYLE

The Lord giveth and the Lord taketh away. Blessed be the name of the Lord." An hysterical wail swept the packed church. "Oh, sweet Jesus," a woman moaned. The mourners filed by the open coffin, and the choir sang, *Shall We Gather at The River*. Ernie Knox was dead.

Ernie Knox died in Provident Hospital, Baltimore, at 6 o'clock in the morning, Wednesday, October 16. The deceased was a Negro, age 26, the youngest of 10 children. By profession he was a hod carrier and a professional boxer. He was a member of the Simmons Memorial Baptist Church, the 19th Masonic Lodge and the Northwestern Investigating Bureau, Inc. He was also a human being, and this is what too many people who were involved seem to have ignored.

Ernie Knox died of subdural hematoma, hemorrhage of the brain, having incurred the fatal injury during a fight with Wayne Bethea at the Coliseum, Monday night, October 14. Bethea had a \$500 guarantee. Knox got a purse of only \$243, which was 15% of the gross

gate paid by a sparse crowd of 869. A few hours after the announcement of Knox's death, Dr. Charles S. Petty, assistant medical examiner for the city, came up with startling news. He said that Knox, who supposedly weighed 178 pounds the day of the fight, weighed only 153 when his body was submitted for autopsy.

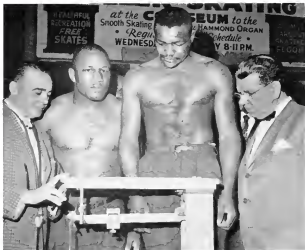
Knox had fought as a heavyweight and, according to the rules of boxing, a heavyweight must weigh 175 pounds or more. Bethea weighed 205 pounds on the day of the fight, the Maryland State Athletic Commission reported. The difference between 178 pounds and 205 is considerable, but not unusual among heavyweights. As long as a man weighs 175, he can fight any licensed opponent over that, even if the opponent weighs 300. But a man who weighs less than 175 has no business boxing an opponent weighing more than 200.

Dr. Petty's finding at once prompted State's Attorney William J. O'Donnell and the Baltimore grand jury to investigate the discrepancy between Knox's announced weight on Monday and the

weight of his corpse on Wednesday. Subpoenas have been issued and witnesses called, and even though the grand jury conducts its investigation in secrecy, it is possible at this time to present some of the facts in the tragic affair, including facts of which even the grand jury may not be aware.

All told, Ernie Knox had 21 professional fights. Of these he won 10, lost eight and drew three. In his last five bouts, if the figures are to be believed, he fought as a legitimate heavyweight. On one occasion he sealed 183 pounds. By fighting Bethea, Knox and his manager, Mack Lewis, were hoping to get into the big time. Lewis, who lives in Baltimore and works for the Internal Revenue Service, has never had a fighter who made it big. According to Joseph Sheppard, a well-known Baltimore painter and a faculty member of the Maryland Institute of Art, Mack Lewis has never been the type of manager to put a boy in, a fight in which he did not belong. Sheppard is so interested in painting boxers that he works out as an amateur himself in order to bring greater understanding to his work. As a matter of fact, he occasionally sparred with Knox, whom he knew well. On the Thursday before the fight, Sheppard happened to be in the gym when Knox weighed himself. The scales read 178. That figure sticks in his mind because he remembers that Knox did not want to weigh any less than that for Bethea.

At one o'clock Monday, the day of the fight, Knox, Bethea and the other fighters on the card at the Coliseum weighed in. Among those present were Leon Yarneth and Phil Jachelski, commission inspectors (Jachelski is a Baltimore police sergeant who was moonlighting against department rules), Dis. Evan Gilkes and Charles Tommasello, commission physicians, D. Chester O'Sullivan, commission chairman, and Jack Cohen, executive secretary of the commission. Representing the promoter, Civic Sports, Inc., a curious outfit about which there will be more later, were Sylvan Bass and Henry Moulden, Civic



Knox wears trousers at highly irregular Oct 14 weigh-in flanked by (left) Commission Doctor Tommasello, Bethea, Chairman O'Sullivan.

Sports was founded by Benny Trotta, an old pal of Mobster Frankie Carbo. Also present was Bobby Gleason of The Bronx, Bethen's manager. As a regular practice, boxers strip to be weighed, but last week after the grand jury met, Gleason said in New York that both his fighter and Knox stepped on the scales wearing trousers, shorts, socks and shoes. "With those clothes on," Gleason said, "Knox weighed 184 pounds. They credited his clothes with weighing six pounds and made his weight 178." If Ernie Knox had lead weights in his pockets, no one bothered to check.

Whatever his weight, Knox looked fit when he entered the ring in the 10-round main event. Bethen, a plodding boxer who likes to stay on top of an opponent, seemed out of shape. At the end of every round he was breathing hard. For the first four rounds Knox held his own, slipping away and jabbing his opponent. But then Bethen began to bull Knox against the ropes, where he scored with his right uppercuts to the body and short left hooks to the head. The blows were not hard but they were insistent. Early in the ninth round Bethen hit Knox with a looping right to the head. Knox stumbled back against the ropes and slid to the canvas. Accounts disagree as to when Knox arose, but it was no later than the count of four. After giving Knox the mandatory eight count, Referee Tom Kelly let the fight resume. Knox tried to clinch, but Bethen knocked him to his knees, and the referee counted him out.

Knox tried to get up to walk, but he could not. Three men, and it is uncertain who they were, tried to lift him up to force him to walk. At ringside was Lee Halfpenny, a former lightweight boxer who now works for the YMCA public health service and teaches boxing there. The clumsy attempts to make Knox walk prompted Halfpenny to jump into the ring. "I thought I could be of some help maybe, but by the time I got there they had put Knox down," Halfpenny recalls. "Then I went over and talked to the boy. I said to him, 'You can hear me. Now take a long, deep breath.' His eyes opened and he looked right at me."

Evidently someone tried to move Knox, because Halfpenny recalls saying "Don't anybody move him until the stretcher comes."

It took 10 minutes to get the stretcher to the ring. According to Halfpenny, the stretcher probably was back in the

continued

AN ARTIST AT RINGSIDE SAW THE COLLAPSE

On the night of the fatal fight, Artist Joseph Sheppard, an amateur boxer, was in the Coliseum to see his friend Ernie Knox fight. When Knox collapsed after the knockout, three men tried to make him walk. At once Sheppard began drawing the scene in his sketchbook. Says he: "I didn't think the men were doctors because they didn't know what they were doing."



Sheppard was appalled at the treatment Ernie Knox received. "It took a long while for them to bring a stretcher."

dressing room. He did not feel that any one particular person was in charge of bringing a stretcher in such cases. Halfpenny went to the dressing room after Knox was brought in and stayed for a short time. "Somebody was massaging his heart," Halfpenny says. That somebody was Mack Lewis, a man that Halfpenny respects. "Massaging his heart was good."

An ambulance took Knox to Provident Hospital. At one o'clock Tuesday morning he asked a nurse for a glass of water. Those were his last words. He fell into a coma. To relieve pressure on the brain, a neurosurgeon drilled two holes in the skull. It was of no avail. On Wednesday morning Ernie Knox died.

In accordance with regular procedure at the morgue, Dr. Petty weighed Knox before performing the autopsy. The body weighed 153 pounds. For sake of argument, Dr. Petty concedes that Knox might have lost a pound a round under the hot

ring lights in the grueling fight. That would have made his weight 169. Thirty-one hours elapsed between the knockout and death, and Dr. Petty says that a person deprived of all fluids and foods for 24 hours would lose from one and a half to four pounds. Allowing Knox to lose the maximum of six pounds, that would bring his weight down further to 163, still 10 pounds off the mark. And, as Dr. Petty points out, Knox was not deprived of fluids but was fed intravenously. At most, the brain operation would account for only a half-ounce loss in weight.

The grand jury now has the case, of course, but no matter what the jury decides, the death of Ernie Knox served to blow the lid off the deplorable conditions of boxing in Maryland—and perhaps elsewhere. This was all the more shocking in the light of the national revulsion generated by the recent deaths of Davey Moore and Benny (Kid) Paret.

Both signaled the need for more stringent supervision of boxing and greater fidelity to the sport by those involved in it. These lessons evidently were lost—at least as far as Maryland was concerned.

Aside from questionable practices in the Knox case, the State Athletic Commission is obviously a poor one, run by the pals of the politicians who now seek to abolish the sport. First of all, appointments to the commission—as, alas, in a number of other states—are made on the basis of political expediency. The present governor of Maryland—and one of the first to lament Knox's death—as J. Millard Tawes, sometimes known jeeringly to State House reporters as J. Millard Duck. An appointment to the commission is not any political plum—it is a sort of political grape, since the job only pays \$1,200 a year—and so instead of getting the upper-echelon political hack the athletic commission gets the lower one.

A grim Jack Cohen faces the press, while Benny Trette (right), wearing handcuffs and escorted by U. S. marshal, faces the music for bookmaking.



The chairman of the commission is D. Chester O'Sullivan, a Baltimore Democrat who is cashier of an investment house. He is an amiable, 58-year-old churchgoer who has served as a leading light of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick, in various drum and bugle corps and as a loyal member of the Coggins-O'Malley bloc that has been known to deliver a lot of Irish-Catholic votes when chips are down in the third district. O'Sullivan tries to do his best. He shows up at fights and is interested in learning all he can, but he is like a baby among crocodiles. Frankly, he is frightened of boxing, and when Tawes put him on the commission, he said he was "flabbergasted." Admitting that he had little, if any, background in the sport, O'Sullivan said, "I'll do the best I can do on this job as soon as I find out what I'm supposed to do." At the time friends of O'Sullivan were quoted as saying he was a "tireless committee worker who never has received much for his efforts and deserves a good break like this."

Interviewed last week, O'Sullivan seemed shaken by the Knox tragedy—and still somewhat unfamiliar with his job. Jack Cohen, the executive secretary of the commission, reportedly has said that he never has seen either of the other two commission members, Lee S. Gillis, an attorney from Easton appointed by Tawes in December of 1959, and Edgar L. Lane, a mortician who lives in Church Hill, down on the Eastern Shore, appointed in June of this year. Cohen says this is a lie, and that if he was quoted as saying this it was only "an expression"—a manner of speaking.

Boxing people say that Cohen, although basically a man of decent instincts, is slow to seek change in the face of political pressures on the state commission. Told about such criticism, Cohen says, "That's not being critical. That's paying me a tribute."

Like the commissioners, Cohen is a creature of politics. A onetime first baseman for the Trenton Democratic Club softball team, he was pushed for the job by James H. (Jack) Pollack, the once powerful boss of Baltimore's fourth district. Pollack loves softball. Not long ago Cohen was given his commission job virtually for life. Asked about this, Cohen says, "Yes, I have just been put under the merit system." The job pays \$4,902 a year. Pollack's power is fading now, but he was once indicted for mur-

der in what the papers delicately called "an incident growing out of a liquor hissing job" during Prohibition. The prosecution dropped the case because of "insufficient evidence."

Investigation last week reveals that Baltimore might well have had another death on the Knox fight card. The Knox-Betha fight was originally scheduled for Friday night, October 4, but it was postponed to Monday, October 14 because of an injury to one of the preliminary fighters, a Baltimore welterweight named Johnny Gilden. Gilden, a veteran of 29 fights, was supposed to box a Washington boy named Hal Bristol. On the day of the Knox fight, a "fighter" named Koney Joseph appeared as a substitute for Bristol. Why Bristol did not show no one professes to know. At any rate, when the fans in the Coliseum first saw Joseph totter down a side aisle they booed. According to one boxing man present, Joseph did not appear to weigh more than 125 pounds. Gilden weighed 147½, half a pound over the welter limit. Joseph did not even know how to get through the ring ropes, and the crowd booed this fraud all the more. When the bell rang, Joseph came out, obviously seeking a place to lie down. Gilden was all over him with punches, and Joseph acted as though he had never been in a fight before. He tried to keep Gilden away by fending him off with his knee. After 62 seconds of farce, the referee wisely stopped the fight.

"I'd better clam up"

Asked about this fiasco, Cohen said "I hate the word 'mismatch,' but in truth I didn't think the boy was trying or had the ability. It looked to me like he wanted to get out of here in a hurry." He refused to say more on the grounds he wanted to present the matter to the commission. Leon Yarneth, commission inspector, old AAU official and occasional promoter of teen-age beauty contests, apparently was the man who approved the substitution of Joseph for Bristol, but Yarneth refused to say anything other than, "You've taken me by surprise. I'd better clam up. I've got to appear before the grand jury. I don't want to be detrimental to anyone."

It is hard to write about the promotion of the fight without being detrimental to someone. As noted, Civic Sports, Inc. originally was formed with Benny Trotta as president. Trotta is the

well-known Baltimore thug, convicted draft dodger and host of the notorious Club Troc ("and here, directly from Cleveland, O-ho-yoh, Flora the Flower Girl") located in a raunchy section of town known as The Block. When Frankie Carbo was riding high as gangster overlord of boxing back in the '50s, Theodore McKeldin, present mayor of Baltimore but then governor of the state, forced the athletic commission to strip Trotta of his boxing promoter's license. But in August of 1960, the athletic commission restored it, declaring, "Our only interest is to encourage good, clean fight entertainment in Maryland and to do all that we can to preserve the good reputation of the sport and its participants." Mr. Trotta, or Fat Benny as he is known to intimates, wept copiously during the hearing.

Given the green light for good clean entertainment, Fat Benny formed Civic Sports, Inc. to promote fights in Baltimore. But last June internal revenue agents arrested Trotta and his brother, Little Tony, for making book without a federal gambling stamp, and on August 27 two of Fat Benny's "lobs," boxing slang for fronts, wrote to the commission on Civic Sports stationery announcing that Trotta was no longer an officer in their corporation. Examination of the letter shows that Trotta's name was crossed off as president, but the address, 400 East Baltimore Street, and the phone number, 685-7988, remained the same. They are the address and phone number of the Club Troc. Asked where Civic Sports now has its office, Cohen plays it cagey. "They were getting ready to set up an office," he says. Where did they operate in the meanwhile? Cohen: "I don't know." Well, how did you reach them? Cohen: "They would reach me." Well, were there times when you had to reach them? Cohen: "I had no reason to reach them." Trotta has since been convicted but not sentenced and this latest escapade apparently does not hurt his reputation with Cohen, who seems sort of sorry to see Fat Benny go. "I can only say," says Cohen, "that we have had no problems with Benny Trotta in the promotional field. I might say further—that's all."

But that will not be all. Whether Knox was underweight or not, something must happen in Maryland. The situation cannot go on. Baltimore is lucky there have not been 10 other ring deaths. **END**

PITT WINS (BOSS'S ORDERS)

Dr. Edward Litchfield (at university desk) wants Pitt to play a more entertaining game.



The question is: Who is really boss? Chancellor Litchfield says John Michelosen is, but he ordered his coach to install a wide-open attack. Michelosen says he has done nothing new—other than win four straight

ROBERT ANDERSON

Coach John Michelosen (at practice) has always played close to vest, now goes for broke.



CONTINUED

'IF MICHELOSEN CAN'T DO IT, LITCHFIELD CAN'

by JOHN UNDERWOOD

The closest the University of Pittsburgh football team ever came to being described as "fascinating"—at least in the last 50 years—was the time a New York sportswriter wrote that to see the Panther offense was like watching a very resourceful, very dedicated man rake leaves. Then, just the other day, in the flush of some extraordinary current events, the Pitt team wrung from the press box the most honored of wire service clichés, "razzle-dazzle." If the writer's fingers did not tremble as he wrote of the Pitt offense he was either marble-hearted or under 12. But he was accurate.

Delivered from monotony by the newly distinguished one-two-three punch of Quarterback Fred Mazurek, Coach John Michelosen and Chancellor Edward H. Litchfield (necessarily in that order), the fascinating, palpitating Panthers, best team in the East, surprise teams of

the nation, last week won their fourth straight game. Pittsburgh had won its first four games only once since 1938, when Jock Sutherland was the coach. Sutherland's idea of razzling and dazzling was to run off right tackle on one play, then cross up the opposition by running off left tackle the next, but he was a winner and, though they have tried very hard, Pittsburgh followers have been a long time forgetting it.

The fourth victory was accomplished Saturday in Morgantown, W. Va., where Pitt defeated West Virginia University 13-10. The victory was more impressive than the score indicates. In four of the last six years that these two schools have met, Pitt was favored to win and did not. At times last Saturday the Panthers seemed unhappily aware of the hex West Virginia has on them and played a stiff, safe and uninspired game, but when they had to move the ball—at the outset and in the fourth period, when they were

behind—they threw passes and took chances, offensive components formerly considered one and the same by Pitt coaches and looked upon with brooding suspicion. Once they ran on fourth and one inside their 20—and made it. They threw 12 passes, nine by the accomplished little roll-out artist, Mazurek, and now have averaged 21.8 passes a game. This is almost double the pleasure over previous years—11 more a game than they threw last year and, at the projected rate, 100 a year more than ever.

Against UCLA in the first game this season, Mazurek passed three times in the first five plays. Ultimately Pitt threw 28 passes, completed 16 for 227 yards, added 202 rushing (the offense is beautifully balanced) and won in a breeze 20-0. The next week 21 Pitt passes helped heat Washington 13-6. On one there was a mad shuffle of handoffs and Quarterback Mazurek wound up racing downfield to catch an 11-yarder from Halfback Paul Martha. Pure carnival. Late in the fourth quarter Mazurek, with a 13-6 lead to play cozy with, rolled out from the Pitt 15 and actually passed for a first down. "Jock Sutherland is spinning in his grave," said a Pittsburgh sportswriter, who could not believe his eyes. "Jock Sutherland does not buy season tickets," said Pitt Publicist Beano Cook, who had not believed it either but adapts quickly. The next week Pitt passed on five of the first seven plays and routed California 35-15. "Just what I had in mind," beamed Chancellor Litchfield. "Now, isn't this much better?"

Dr. Litchfield has not thrown a pass yet, of course, but he did throw a chancellor bomb last December, and that is when the fun began. Alone with his coach and with Athletic Director Frank Carver, away from his six jobs, his multimillion-dollar building projects and his six secretaries, Dr. Litchfield said that he might not know what it was like to be a football coach but he certainly knew what it was like to be a Pitt football fan: it was a bore. He said winning all the time, losing all the time and being dull were three things he found intolerable. He said he was tired of seeing Pitt's fullbacks "wearing themselves out running on and off the field with plays from the bench. Let the quarterbacks call the plays." He said he wanted one

Fred Mazurek, who will throw anywhere, has made Litchfield and Michelosen look good



good team captain and not a committee to make decisions on the field. He said he liked Michelson fine but, "like real estate, John needs redevelopment." He said he was appraised of the fact that students, faculty and alumni were "fed up" (Pitt had had a 3-7 season in 1961 and was 5-5 in 1962 in spite of great expectations). He did not have to say that nothing makes a college president look worse than a bad football team. To make sure there was no mistaking him, Dr. Litchfield let his views leak to the press, the way the Colorado River leaks through Hoover Dam.

There followed some sensational scrambling as reporters raced from one office to the other to compare quotes. For example, Litchfield: "It's perfectly clear that John is playing ultraconservative football. He's out to win alone and not for the entertainment of the fan." Michelson: "I didn't think I was in the entertainment business." It was all good clean rank-pulling, and everybody enjoyed it except, perhaps, Michelson, who took it in fine spirit but was clearly and dangerously on the spot, and knew it. Nevertheless, said the chancellor, he had just as much right to tell his football coach how to do his job as he did the head of the chemistry department. "I'm not a coach," he said, "but I'm not a chemist, either." He denied that he had delivered an ultimatum to Michelson, but added that the consequences would be "whatever they would be for anyone who doesn't follow administration instructions."

As a result, Pitt's startling success has been in no small measure attributed to Chancellor Litchfield. "It's very simple," explained a Pittsburgh cab driver the day before the West Virginia game. "The chancellor has this phone, see, from his box to the field, see, and whenever he wants to get a play in, he just calls up. Get it?" Students stole in and passed "Coach" on the chancellor's door. Where once they booed his arrival at games (his 45% tuition hike and his wheeler-dealer activities as an executive for Studebaker, Avco, Smith-Corona Marchant and Oakland Corporation have not made him outrageously popular), they now cheer, and when Mazurek pulls off some new breathaker they yell, "Hail, Caesar," and wave their empty wallets at the chancellor. He waves back. They have a chant: "Michelson, Michelson, He's our man. If he can't do it,



Paul Marthe (dancing away from West Virginia tacklers) has speed to move Pitt offense.

Litchfield can." Far from being abashed, Litchfield thinks the cry is "cute."

Though they would now just as soon forget Michelson's and Litchfield's differences and get on with the task of beating Navy this weekend, even the players have entered into the fun. In a physical education class the answer to a question on football strategy was, "Call the chancellor." Whenever Dr. Litchfield appeared at practice someone was sure to whisper, "Here's King Edward with a new play for us." In one game, after two running plays had not produced, Halfback Martha suggested they throw "a couple of passes into the stands to jazz things up." Fullback Rick Leeson ran 13 yards up the middle, and on his way back to the huddle turned to the sidelines and chortled, "How's that for an old-fashioned line smash, Chancellor?" When Mazurek passed up spring practice to play baseball and was told that he would be lucky to return as fifth-string quarterback in the fall, he retorted: "They can't afford to do that.

You heard what the chancellor said."

Finally, after Pittsburgh won its third straight, Dr. Litchfield called another press conference to assure everybody that he was not coaching the team after all and to please "focus attention where it belongs: on the wonderful job John and his players are doing."

Quite naturally, Michelson responds that if it is a wonderful job of altering an offense, it is the job he would have done anyway, that he "absolutely" would have made the same sensational use of his material. He claims that basically offense is the same as last year's—and it is, too, with the exception of wider use of slotbacks (open and tight), man-in-motion plays for both halfbacks, the halfback-to-quarterback pass, more roll-out options, the double wing (as used for the first time against West Virginia), a tackle-eligible play and a few little doodads like that. Sometimes the man in motion arrives behind the fullback just as the play begins, and presto! the I formation. "The big thing, of

continued

course, is that this year we're catching the ball," says Michelosen, who does not like to confuse the issue.

Michelosen is a quiet, stolid man, a gentleman coach who is much appreciated by his players. He has had two bowl teams in eight years but has always managed to draw fire. One Pitt squad spent an evening prowling the campus a few years back when it was rumored that Michelosen would be hanged in effigy. Effigies went up as soon as the team went to bed. Regardless of the often repeated charge, Michelosen has not clung to the Sutherland style in all those years. It would have been foolhardy: football has come too far since the 6-2-2-1 and 7-diamond defense of Sutherland's day.

Nevertheless, Michelosen's split T—one year it was called the "sentinel T," but that was a ruse—always had the aura of the Sutherland single wing and its ground-hugging single-mindedness.

Michelosen played for Sutherland and coached under him and for years could not quite get the great man's image out of his eyes. Dr. Litchfield removed it for him.

In Pittsburgh's spring game, Michelosen's response to the prompting was to have his team throw 53 passes, 24 of which were completed. But there were no touchdowns, not until the final play—and then on an intercepted pass. "Looks like the only thing John can open up is his icebox," said a former

Pitt player who saw the game, but he failed to take into account the spring-time absence of Mazurek.

Fred Mazurek is the principal difference in the Pitt team. Michelosen says so, and the players agree. Jim Traficant, last year's quarterback, was a drop-back passer who had trouble getting the ball away, a poor runner and a personality problem. ("I made two mistakes in life," Traficant once said. "Coming to Pittsburgh was the first, staying here was the second.") Mazurek, on the other hand, is an exceptional roll-out passer—not so much because of his arm as his running ability—and is seldom trapped for long losses. He is adored by his teammates. They call him Mr. Moto—he is a squared-off 5 feet 10, with olive skin and a glistening little-boy smile—and they marvel at his good deportment. "He swore once at camp and three players told me about it," says Beano Cook. Michelosen thinks enough of Mazurek to play him at safety and let him receive punts. He is a junior and calls a good game, but do not be deceived. When he gets in a bind he looks to Michelosen for signals, "and when he makes a mistake," says Halfback Martha, "he looks for forgiveness."

What makes Mazurek especially effective is the balance of the Pitt attack. "Pitt's not a lot of razzmatazz," says California Coach Marv Levy. "They just execute better than they did before, and they have more threats. You can look wide-open on a quarterback sneak if your quarterback is Jimmy Brown." Halfback Martha, the team's second leading runner (214 yards in 33 carries), is an ex-quarterback himself who can throw on the run. His clutch 46-yard touchdown run beat West Virginia in the fourth quarter. Power boy Lecson is the first Pitt fullback to gain more than 1,000 yards since Marshall Goldberg of the 1938 Dream Backfield.

Halfback Eric Crabtree, a sophomore, is possibly the best outside threat. He plays on the second unit, but the second unit gets in as much time as the first and is quarterbacked better than adequately by Kenny Lucas, brother of the former Penn State All-American, Richie Lucas. The Pitt ends catch well, the tackles are big and strong (both Ernie Borghetti

continued



New dormitories, compared by students to clean-cut cans, are part of Pitt building plan

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and John Maczuzak have been drafted as futures by the Kansas City Chiefs), the guards are very fast and the team attitude is one of total dedication. "We think alike," says Fullback Leeson. "Not a selfish bone among us."

Litchfield sits in the chancellor's box with his own special scorecard. It gives each player's number, height, weight, age, quality point average, college board score, school and ambition. He helped foster an extraordinary agreement among Pitt, Penn State and Syracuse—they exchange scholastic progress reports—and it pleases him that Leeson is doing well in predoctoral studies, Mazurek and Martha in premed, Captain Al Grigallunas and Tackle Maczuzak in engineering. Maczuzak has an ulcer from worrying over his grades.

Grigallunas, a very tough Lithuanian whose father was killed by the Russians and who as a child escaped from a Red concentration camp with his mother, is a natural fulfillment of the chancellor's idea of what the team captaincy is all about. Grigallunas had arrived on campus with a ducktail haircut and panted shoes and wanted first off to be pointed to the pool hall. "But I quit playing pool," he says, smiling. Excellent in class, Grigallunas has a 3.6 average and is 4.0 in the respect of his teammates. "He is the kind of guy who can whip your fancy if you get out of line," says a buddy, "and if he can't, at least he'll try." Grigallunas was elected unanimously. He hasn't had to whip a fancy yet.

The University of Pittsburgh sits nearly in the lap of the district of Oakland, its Cathedral of Learning—French Gothic inspired, but not very much—rising 42 stories to dominate the landscape. Frank Lloyd Wright called the Cathedral of Learning the greatest keep-off-the-grass sign he'd ever seen. Chancellor Litchfield, in his seven years at the university, has pushed \$156 million in building programs, adding a little Italian Renaissance here, some contemporary there, trying to tie it all together with gray limestone. Rising like searing powder cans at the west side of the campus are the stark new cylindrical dormitories known as Ajax, Bab-O and Comet. Oakland, meanwhile, shudders at Litchfield's every move. "Today Oakland," they say, "tomorrow the world."

The people of Oakland are large-hearted and larcenous, according to legend, and Forbes Street is the home of such fanciful characters as Gus Miller the Newshawk, Big Bob and Joey Dwen, the world's greatest street fighter. Oakland's most ardent sports fans do not necessarily believe in paying their way into games, and the Oakland Colts once appeared in the scarlet-and-gray uniforms of the Ohio State Buckeyes the day after the State uniforms had mysteriously disappeared. "But they are good people," says one university man. "If you had a week to live you'd want to live it with them."

In the past Litchfield and Michelosen had been bothered by the fact that too many Panthers were acting as though they had a week to live and were going

to make the most of it. Two Pitt players were suspended last year for fighting with an Oakland cop. "Discipline has always been the 11th team on our schedule," says Cook, "and we haven't licked it yet."

So far in this smooth, wonderful year, however, there have been no worries. The bad actors have been weeded out, to Michelosen's especial relief, and Oakland is quiet, comparatively. More attention is being paid to what the Panthers do on the field, and if some Oakland regulars are still skeptical ("Give Michelosen a 7-7 tie in the fourth quarter," they say at Canter's Restaurant, "and you'll see how razzle-dazzle he is"), the happy voices from Ajax, Bab-O and Comet are not skeptical at all: "If Michelosen can't do it, Litchfield can." **END**



Pitt's most excited rooters, Dr. Litchfield and his wife, rise to cheer at West Virginia game.

PRO BASKETBALL



Shh! This has to be kept secret. If it gets out to any of the men who own teams in the National Basketball Association it will be murder. Come closer. Here's the word, Mac. For the first time in 18 years the NBA is starting a season with more pluses than minuses. No fooling. Out of the woods yet? Of course the NBA is not out of the woods yet, but at least it is out of the jungle, and that says an awful lot. Remember now, keep quiet about it. Just sit back and see how far this thing can go.

It may go a long way. Within the next six months the National Basketball Association, considered by many to be merely a delinquent on the American sporting scene, will enjoy its most important, prosperous and happy season. For the very first time the NBA has all of its franchises in major league cities; for the very first time its image has been buffed instead of tarnished; for the very first time it should draw three million people; for the very first time it is making its own leads instead of following someone else's.

The familiar superstars of professional basketball—Oscar Robertson, Bill Russell, Elgin Baylor, Jerry West, Bob Pettit, Wilt Chamberlain—have all returned. The only exception is Bob Cousy, who turned in his sneakers and his air travel card last spring. Supporting these are two of last season's newcomers whose play was excellent and whose potential in both technique and crowd appeal is exceptional: John Havlicek and Terry Dischinger. To this cast are now

THE NBA

BY WILLIAM LEGGETT

added Jerry Lucas of the Cincinnati Royals and Art Heyman of the New York Knickerbockers (*see left*), as important a pair of rookies as ever entered the NBA. Their effect on the league, both artistic and financial, will be tremendous. Not since Oscar Robertson flashed onto the scene four years ago has the arrival of a player been so eagerly awaited as that of Heyman by his New York fans. Hardly ever before has any professional league yearned for and mooned over a rookie the way the NBA has yearned for and mooned over Lucas. The league needed Heyman badly because he could help pull customers into the prestige arena that has to get them—Madison Square Garden. It needed Lucas because he was the college basketball hero of the decade, a 6-foot-8 Jack Armstrong, a public image on the hoof.

But Lucas and Heyman are far from all of the NBA's newness. For the first time, every NBA team is in a metropolitan area of one million or more. The years of franchises in the Sheboygans, Waterloos and even Syracuses are over. The smallest regular NBA arena will now seat 10,000. There is a new team in Baltimore that calls itself the Bullets and has as a home a gleaming \$14 million Civic Center only a year old. Last season the Bullets were the Chicago Zephyrs, an unloved crew trying to get crowds into a tiny, ancient arena called the Coliseum. Once again there is a team in Philadelphia. This time it is the transferred Syracuse Nationals. It will be called the 76ers. A contest was conducted to find the name. One of 4,000 entries, it was submitted by a quality-control statistician. His reasoning for 76ers was properly Philadelphian. "No athletic team has ever paid

tribute to the gallant men who forged this country's independence, and certainly Philadelphia, Shrine of Liberty, should do so." Philadelphia has done so.

This is the year too that the NBA, more out of necessity than invention, has made a move that will be watched studiously by the promoters of every sport. Beginning on Thursday, Jan. 2, it becomes the first sports association to march into the so-called "prime evening time" of American television on a national level. For 11 weeks on 60 stations the NBA will be displaying its product, hopefully trying to prove that audiences will get more thrills watching the operations of K.C. (Jones) than Casey (Ben).

Throughout the league itself there is a growing awareness—some say fear—of the new image to be found in the NBA's own headquarters. That image and the determination to further it are embodied in the league president. In September, 49-year-old J. Walter Kennedy—a dandy name for a president—took office. He is a onetime NBA publicity man and a proved politician who retired as mayor of Stamford, Conn. to take the NBA post. He replaced 73-year-old Maurice Podoloff, a conciliator who had served since the league's huddled beginning in 1946. The trouble with Podoloff was that he tried to please everyone, and everyone knew it. Exactly one month after taking office, Kennedy showed the mood and manner of his new administration. He took on Big Steel.

GETS A NEW IMAGE

The situation arose during an exhibition game at Ocean-side High School in Oceanside, New York between the Boston Celtics and the Knickerbockers. It was Heyman's old school, and a standing-room crowd of 1,300 had paid \$3 each to see him play as a pro. The Roger Blough of the case was Red Auerbach, the Celtic coach, who became so furious at a referee that he ordered his team off the floor. The action reflected the worst things that people had heard about the NBA and the attitude of its coaches toward officials. Although Auerbach quickly brought the Celtics back, the insubordination showed and the damage was done.

Two days later Kennedy ruled that Auerbach had been guilty of a type of behavior that the NBA no longer cared to condone. Auerbach was fined \$500, an amount \$400 higher than any fine against a coach in recent league history. When the announcement was made it had a beautiful ring to it—like "Swack!" The ruling indicated that referees could expect to get backing, something that was in pretty short supply before, and it intimated strongly that coaches better mend their minor league manners.

In one sense, what Kennedy's position implied is that the NBA has reached the point where it does not need side-shows by coaches, where the abilities of the players provide excitement enough. And that is why, in a year of changes, the one that matters most is the arrival of the big new names, Lucas and Heyman. Because of Lucas, the Cincinnati Royals have become the first team in four years capable of throwing a real challenge at the Boston Celtics for the Eastern Division championship. The Royals closed strong and fought the Celtics to seven games in the semifinal

playoffs last spring. They only needed one more man, and now they have him. Lucas, a three-time All-America from Ohio State who sat out last season after signing with the defunct American Basketball League, has aroused more genuine interest among basketball fans than any first-year player in history. Although he never was the country's top scorer, he constantly held the nation's interest as a collegian because he was a vivid example of a team player. Troubled from time to time by sore knees, he still led every college player in rebounds two of three years and averaged 24.3 points per game. His shooting percentages for three years were 63.7, 62.3 and 61.1, a career figure never approached before.

When Lucas joined the Royals this fall it was feared that his year away from the game might have dulled his timing and accuracy. In his first exhibition game he scored only 13 points. "I was nervous," he admits. "I was playing against Bob Pettit of the St. Louis Hawks, and you just can't stay nervous too long or he'll eat you up."

Bothered during the exhibition schedule by a throat infection and bothered too by the jostling he received underneath the baskets, Lucas suffered through some frustrating evenings. But nobody is going to "eat him up." It was soon apparent that the year's layoff had done him good. Months of intense exercises had strengthened some small muscles in his ailing knees, muscles that never developed properly

because of his peculiar habit of not completely straightening his legs when he jumps. His very presence should mean that the NBA will have a race in the East at last.

While Lucas comes into the NBA with the best shooting team in the league, one that has an opportunity to win a championship, his fellow rookie, Art Heyman, joins the poorest shooting team in the league, one with a chance to go nowhere at all. It is awful to have your worst team in your most important city, but the NBA does. That is why Heyman is so important. An aggressive showman with a basketball, he will offer something to look at while the team keeps losing. It is a tough role for a rookie, and not one calculated to win friends among teammates. As with all athletes, NBA players prefer that rookies be seen little and heard less. Still, the league needs something to arouse basketball talk in New York, and Heyman will have to be it. He has been drilled in the "Yes sir! No sir!" demeanor of Duke University, but he learned his basketball in the "Out of my way, you bum!" tradition of New York's playgrounds. He'll manage. He was reminded last week that no recent Knick top draft choice has ever been successful. As a No. 1 choice he says, "I know how it is, and I know what has gone on in the past. Every time I walk down a flight of stairs I look twice to make sure I'm not going to trip."

Nobody tripped him up in the exhibition season. He led the Knicks in scoring, and people were talking.

Lucas and Heyman have come along at an excellent time. Remember, though, don't tell anybody. It seems too good to last. Shh!

CONTINUED

SCOUTING REPORTS

This is a time of change for the NBA, and times of change are both tough and rewarding. It is going to be harder to win this year as easy games become the exception rather than the rule. The stars of the past will find things more difficult because the stars of the future are both excellent and ambitious. These younger players can make a major difference in the standings, and veterans will have to really fight to keep previous winning teams on top. One of the powers, Los Angeles, should—nevertheless—prevail in the West. The other, Boston, could be upset in the East. Here are the teams, and men who hold the keys to their hopes.



ELGIN BAYLOR

LOS ANGELES On February 3, 1963 one of the best basketball teams ever assembled stopped being that. It was on that day that Laker All-Star Jerry West pulled a muscle, and the team that had just won 42 of 50 was thenceforth to be no more than a win-one, lose-one powderpuff in powder blue. It is going to be a lot of seasons before anybody wins 42 of 50 in the NBA again, but the truth is that with an improved bench the Lakers are even stronger than they were, and once again they are favored to win the championship. The Lakers' only obvious weakness—and it is a tell-one—is in the pivot, while their only hidden question is whether All-Star Elgin Baylor's legs are really bothering him, not just annoying him a little, as they seem to be now. If Baylor (34.0) and West (26.6) can both stay with the club for a whole season, no one is likely to notice what is happening at center. There Coach Fred Schaus will rotate three men—Gene Wiley, who blocks shots but cannot sink them, Jim Krebs, who can shoot but cannot jump, and Leroy Ellis, who shows promise but cannot gain weight. Also available is Hub Reed from Cincinnati, who can be used at center and forward. Another newcomer, Forward Don Nelson from Baltimore, may be good enough to let Schaus give able Rudy LaRusso plenty of rest. Then there is Dick Bennett (18.0), one of the best substitutes since Roosevelt for McKinley. Frank Selvy will start again in the backcourt with West, while two rookies, Jim King and Mel Gibson, may help on occasion. It adds up to a formidable bench. Schaus likes to see the Lakers run, but they do not control the boards enough to run well. What they have is the best one-two punch in history. That should be enough.

CONTINUED



Why you should buy an automatic shotgun blindfolded.

Before you buy yourself a new automatic shotgun look at all your gun store has.

Not a bad buy in the bunch; well made, good names, and hard shooters. As a matter of fact it's pretty hard to choose "your gun." Until you blindfold your eyes and swing them on that imaginary bird. Then you'll discover:

One of them is lighter: The 12-gauge model 59 is only 6½ pounds.

One of them is faster pointing: The "glass" barrel on the model 59 is stronger than steel at half the weight.

One of them is better balanced: The model 59 is designed to put more weight in your trigger hand—where it belongs for speed and accuracy.

One of them has different, warmer feel: The weatherproof Win-Lite barrel will never feel hot or cold to the touch.

Now remove the blindfold: One of them has a non-recoiling barrel: The floating action chamber of the model 59 is the only part that moves—and this alone reduces recoil effect by 20 per cent.

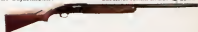
One of them needs no adjustments:

The model 59 will handle any 2¾ inch 12-gauge shell without adjustment.

One of them has its own integral choke system: The optional Versalite choke gives you improved cylinder, modified or full choke simply by changing a small tube.

One of them is a Winchester: The model 59 \$149.95. Model 59 hand-finished Pigeon Grade from \$249.65. Model 59 with Versalite Choke inserted \$159.95. Extra tubes \$4.45.

WINCHESTER®
WINCHESTER WESTERN OUTDOORS





The world's most copied car becomes significantly more spacious.

In the 1964 Continental, the classic profile is longer to provide greater interior space and comfort. There is more luggage room. When you experience this automobile, you will know why more than half the people who buy in our price range choose the Continental.

The timeless silhouette of the new Lincoln Continental is now just three inches longer than in 1961-2-3, yet this change accomplishes a remarkable improvement in the space of the passenger compartment.

The longer legged Continental

You will appreciate greater leg room, knee room and head room. In the rear compartment, leg room has been increased four inches over the 1963 model and there is a gain of 2.5 inches in knee room over 1963. The resulting knee room is more than double that of the 1961 and 1962 Continental. You will also enjoy broader window visibility, and easier en-

trance through the widened rear doors.

The luggage compartment is appreciably larger, with 15% more usable space than in 1963, a total increase of 33% over the 1961-2 models.

Yet with all this added space, the classic Continental retains the distinctions that set it apart among luxury automobiles.

What sets it apart?

1. The famous profile has been modified only to permit functional improvements.
2. The Continental is available in the four-door sedan and the only four-door convertible made in America. Each is built to the highest engineering standards. There are no lower priced models of the Lincoln Continental, because there cannot be any compromise of its standards to offer lesser versions.

How to make an entrance

3. Only the Continental has all four doors opening from the center, for more graceful entrance to the rear compartment.
4. The exceptional strength and rigidity of the Continental's integral construction contribute to an unsurpassed ride.
5. Within, you will find virtually every luxury you might expect. Down-soft leathers or opulent damasks featured on foam cushion seats. Deep cut-pile nylon carpeting. And much more.

Complete power assists

6. The Continental includes, as standard equipment, full power auxiliaries: steering, brakes, windows, side vent windows, antenna. Automatic transmission. The six-way power seat. Transistor radio and rear speaker. Heater and defroster. Windshield washers. Remote control rearview mirror. Fully automatic top for the convertible. The complete list is even longer.
7. Each Continental is built in a special

plant at Wixom, Michigan, that establishes and maintains the world's highest automotive engineering standards.

189 straight A's

8. No other car is so thoroughly tested. Every Continental must pass 189 performance tests on the road in addition to thousands of tests during manufacture.
9. Because its precision standards of construction are the world's highest, Continental is the leader in freedom from maintenance, repair and replacement. It is built to last and retain its value.

These unique superiorities make the Lincoln Continental the luxury automobile for the discriminating motorist. When you see this car, look again. Notice the kind of person who drives it.

And before you decide upon your next automobile, drive this one yourself. It is the world's finest automobile. If you will call your Lincoln Continental dealer, he will arrange a demonstration at your convenience.



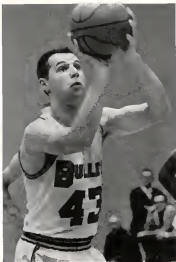
LINCOLN CONTINENTAL

Product of the Lincoln-Mercury Division,  Motor Company



BOB PETTIT

ST. LOUIS With a buck and a coupon from a loaf of Kroger bread you can get a seat to see a Hawks' game this year. This is bad news for opponents because it will increase attendance at St. Louis, and there are no fans like St. Louis fans. Exasperated visiting teams have been known to call time-outs just to set up plays that end with a wild pass skulking some especially noisy Hawk follower. The St. Louis team—with Riche Guerin—is now as tough as its fans. It plays a careful, patterned offense, a tight, leeching defense. The Hawks score less than any other team, which sounds like one step backward, except they allow fewer points, too, which is two steps forward. The vital man is still 30-year-old Bob Pettit (28.5), who shows no sign of giving up his All-Star status. Cliff Hagan, 31, the other high-scoring forward, almost quit to coach, but is back again, too. Coach Harry Galatin can rest Hagan—who is a defensive liability anyway—for he has fairly competent backup help in Bill Bridges and Mike Farmer. He also has Zelmo Beatty at center, who has improved tremendously. He is showing better shooting and more muscle. The Hawks need a substitute center, though. Bridges will fill in against some teams, but he is only 6 feet 5. Gene Tormohlen (6 feet 9) gets too anxious and fouls too much. In Guerin, St. Louis now has the scoring guard it desperately needed. He will complement playmaking Lenny Wilkens, with Chico Vaughn and John Barnhill as reserves. All are quite able on defense. Gerry Ward, the only rookie on the squad, has been too cautious thus far. With such an experienced squad, the Hawks should get off to a good start. If LA falters, the St. Louis fans could have plenty to shout about.



TERRY DISCHINGER

BALTIMORE Not even a new nickname every season and getting successive rookies of the year—Walt Bellamy and Terry Dischinger—were enough to attract Chicago fans, so Owner Dave Trager swung a deal for the beautiful new Civic Center in Baltimore, and the NBA has the Bullets. No casualties occurred in the welcoming rush and only a handful of season tickets were sold. But the city has a history of liking pro basketball. It ought to like the rugged young Bullets. Coach Bob Leonard himself is 31, the youngest major-sport pro coach in captivity. The starting team averages 23—yes, 23. The Bullets got up at 6:45 a.m. this fall to run before breakfast. After lunch and before bedtime Leonard had them running some more. The kids will run all year, but they need an experienced guard to steady them. A shooting guard would also stop defenses from doubling up on the Bullets' Mr. Inside and Mr. Outside—Center Bellamy (27.9) and Forward-Guard Dischinger (25.5). Leonard will start two rookies, Forward Gus Johnson and Guard Red Thorn. Both can shoot, and Johnson is as flashy as the star-shaped gold filling in one of his front teeth. He is 6 feet 6 but rebounds as if he were 8 feet 6. Depending on where Dischinger plays, the fifth starter will be either a forward—Charlie Hardnett or rookie Don Kojis—or veteran Guard Si Green, a good-drive, no-shot type. Bill McGill, a fine shot, will relieve Bellamy. The kids are strong—"There's no skinny guys there," says a rival coach—fast, confident and well handled. Like youngsters everywhere, they will be very, very good sometimes and horrid others. But there will be fewer horrid nights. By midseason they will be nobody's patsy.



NATE THURMOND

SAN FRANCISCO Alcatraz was more of a spectator attraction than the Warriors last year, and Alcatraz has folded. The Warriors must have thought about folding, too. In their first year in the West, they played poorly (31-49) and drew poorly (3,855 a game). The whole dull show was Wilt Chamberlain, who averaged 44.8 points a game while the rest of his team forgot to score. The Warrior defense was beyond disparagement because there was no Warrior defense. This year things should change because of the signing of Alex Hannum as coach. Hannum's teams move constantly, and everybody works for shots. Could Chamberlain, who sometimes seems an immovable object, fit into the new style? The answer appears to be yes. The new Wilt is moving. He is passing, playing alert defense, running and rebounding, but not scoring nearly as much. He is getting some help from rookie Nate Thurmond (6 feet 11), who will be Wilt's first relief man in his four seasons as a pro. Thurmond, who could start at center for many NBA teams, is also working as a forward, where he will back up Tom Meschery and Wayne Highower, both of whom look much better this year. At guard, Al Attles is fast, Guy Rodgers is a playmaker, and Gary Phillips is the best of all when his erratic game blows hot. But none of them can shoot, and the team needs a long threat to help its running game and keep the defenses from sagging on Chamberlain. Wilt is the Warriors. They cannot win without him. Hannum feels they might win with him if he is really changing his technique. Opposing players are sure Wilt will relapse to his old style once the season opens. He always has, but Hannum is a herd man.

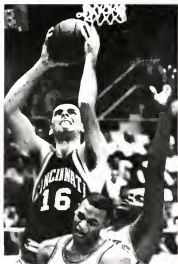


DAVE DEBUSCHERE

DETROIT Before Piston Owner Fred Zollner hired Coach Charley Wolf away from Cincinnati, he pushed him for NBA president. "That is what I think of Charley," Zollner said. Many people think that highly of Wolf, but Zollner is a habitual meddler with his team and Wolf will need all his qualities to endure, let alone succeed. In Detroit, Wolf picks up a weak team in a bad basketball town. Detroiters, says one native, "don't give a damn for Wilt or Russell or any of that razzmatazz." Instead, the big gate is a local boy and summer-time White Sox pitcher, Dave DeBusschere, who led the Pistons to a 32-30 finish—after a 3-16 start—when he was moved to guard last year. Back at forward in what may well be his last year of basketball, DeBusschere wants to go out a big home-town winner. It will be tough, though, for even with good shooters and fine balance, the Pistons are so desperate in the pivot they might consider using Zollner himself there. Six-foot-8 Bob Ferry will open at center, though he is better as a forward, with unimpressive Derrill Imhoff in reserve. Ray Scott, another forward, may be moved to center if DeBusschere takes Scott's spot at forward. All-Star Bailey Howell (22.7) leads the team scoring at the other frontline post. Gunner Don Ohl (19.3) will open at guard with Willie Jones or John Egan. Only Egan is a playmaker. Rookie Eddie Miles, from Seattle University, can shoot and does—all the time. But he has looked good on occasion. If he eventually teams with Ohl the fellows up front may need hatchets to get the ball. Detroit has such depth that Wolf feels no one will have to play more than 32 minutes. The Pistons can go fast for all 48, but they won't go far without a center.

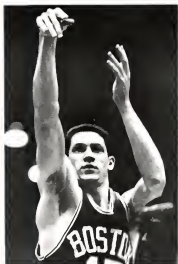
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THE EAST



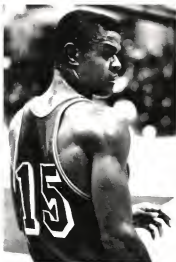
JERRY LUCAS

CINCINNATI If prospects win championships, the Royals are in. They have, in Jerry Lucas, the game's most sought-after rookie. Preseason ticket sales have set a record. Sell-out crowds are waiting. The team has a new coach, Jack McMahon, who brought in some good new ideas and found an important old roommate waiting for him. The ex-roomie is Jack Twyman, the respected sharpshooter (19.8) and local favorite who was disgruntled all last season under Coach Charley Wolf. McMahon takes over a team that perennially sets shooting records (45.9 last year), only to cancel this advantage by making excessive mistakes. He is teaching it a number of set plays in order to limit the dribbling and free-lancing that leads to such errors. The Royals also had a tendency to lose too many close games. When the seconds dwindled down to a precious few, everybody knew the ball was going to wondrous Oscar Robertson. New plays will now break other men open for a clutch basket. Lucas will relieve Oscar of considerable rebounding responsibilities and help him on the fast break with that crucial first pass. Lucas also should serve as the defensive stopper that Forwards Twyman, Tom Hawkins and Bob Boozer have not been, and McMahon will get further use of him in the pivot, where he can spell Team Captain Wayne Embry (18.6), one of the NBA's most underrated players. Another rookie, Jay Arnette, is fast and can jump. He may move ahead of Adrian Smith and Arlen Bockhorn in the backcourt. This adds up to just enough talent for the Royals to upset the Celtics in the East. Look for the Celtics to start fast, for the Royals to be stronger late in the season and, above all, look for a very close race.



JOHN HAVLICEK

BOSTON On the first day of fall practice the newest Celtic, Willie Naulls, collapsed from exhaustion. "I'm loaded with hustle scars," he said last week. Coach Red Auerbach always starts his teams hard, but this year the regimen was tougher than ever. The Celtics want to get off to a fast start to show that they can win without Bob Cousy and that they can still run and play both ends of the court in spite of an average age of 29, highest in the league. In Boston the name the players give their game is "big D," the D for defense. The man who spells the whole word out is Bill Russell, still magnificent and even more determined. His major cohorts are Tom Sanders, an excellent defensive corner man, and K. C. Jones, a guard who is such a master of harassment that he often keeps opponents from even getting the ball. K. C. is Cousy's replacement, but it is Naulls (12.9) who should make up the scoring lost when Cousy (13.2) retired. Bought from San Francisco, Naulls is the latest of the veteran replacements that the Celtics always seem to come up with. The only other Celtic newcomers are also experienced. They are Guards Johnny McCarthy (ex-St. Louis) and Larry Siegfried (ex-ABL). Sam Jones (19.7) and Tommy Heinsohn (18.7) will continue to lead the scoring, though Heinsohn is slowed for now because of shingles. John Havlicek, last year's fine rookie, is now more of an outside shooting threat than he was. Havlicek is another Auerbach swing man. He and Frank Ramsey can play both forward and guard, providing a versatility that makes Boston even deeper. The Celtics will need depth for their fight with the Royals. "Cincinnati is a helluva team," Auerbach says. But everybody knows Boston is, too.



HAL GREER

PHILADELPHIA In the NBA game of musical franchises, Philadelphia—having gone to San Francisco last year—is now Syracuse disguised. The new name is 76ers, but the team is vintage Syracuse, and an aging vintage at that. There is not a rookie on the squad, unless you count Player-Coach Dolph Schayes, who now must discipline the same men he has been playing with for up to nine years. This rarely works. The team has an effective run-and-shoot attack led by the league's smoothest pair of guards, Larry Costello and Hal Greer. Both must keep up the pace, and likely will. Costello's defense is still tops, while Greer is moving and shooting even better than last season, when he averaged 19.5. The primary weakness is rebounding. None of the younger men up front can scrap as well as their coach, and Center Red Kerr, at 31, is adequate but not overpowering. He will get help from Connie Dierking, who is back from retirement. The 76ers have a good young corner man in Lee Shaffer (18.6), though he sometimes loses his confidence. In the other corner is Chet Walker, who had a good rookie year and should now be better. The bench is not too deep—Ben Wadley and Dave Gambee. And Dolph Schayes, who already fears he will play more than he initially planned. But the backcourt reserves are strong. Paul Neumann is a good young guard, Al Bianchi a sound old one. The 76ers, who were 23-5 at home last season, are going to miss the small but ever-so-friendly Syracuse crowds and all the camaraderie that came with being the NBA's version of Green Bay. It takes time to get settled in a new home, and that as much as anything is likely to keep the 76ers from improving over last season.



ART HEYMAN

NEW YORK Though last again last year the Knickerbockers were first in attendance—which only shows how many basketball fanatics there are in New York, and how many tourists are determined to spend money. A winner in New York would be a gold mine for the NBA, but as sure as Madison Square Garden seats 18,000 and charges \$5 tops, there can be no winner this year. There may never be a winner if the club management continues to mishandle and then sell top talent, as it sold Richie Guerin last week. The Knicks cannot win until they find an adequate center. The inadequate incumbents are Bob Nordmann, Gene Conley, Paul Hogue and Tom Hoover. They are equally bad. The Knicks did get one thing to boast about in the player draft, last year's top college star, Art Heyman. A backcourt man, he is already the team's most interesting player. Another pleasant surprise is the improvement of second-year man John Rudometkin, who has finally adjusted to the shift from college pivot man to pro forward. Only 6 feet 6, Rudometkin still has a tough time underneath the basket, however. Johnny Green (18.1) is 6 feet 5 but a fabled jumper and should do better with more rest. Dave Budd is the reserve forward, while Tom Gola will see action in both the frontcourt and backcourt. Heyman's partner at guard will be Al Butler, another improved player. The Knicks play a fluid, shifting game around the anonymous man in the middle. Coach Eddie Donovan would like them to run, but they do not get enough rebounds for that. The best that can be said for them is that with Heyman and Rudometkin on hand and Barry Kramer of NYU a possibility for next season, this losing year may be a building losing year.



An athlete's public role is a wonderfully heady mixture of crowds and action and adulation. But behind this proud and dazzling exist-

ence is a more ordinary life. It is days and towns and tired hotels. It is the crisp smell of adhesive tape and the dull gray look of lockers. It is visitors' dressing rooms where the air always is damp and the bulbs usually are bare. It is a road show where the show is splendid and the road is "part of the job." In no sport is this contrast of scenes so sharp as in professional basketball. Here then is a portfolio of paintings of the traveling Cincinnati Royals. It shows the bright swirl of action that is their game (opposite) and then focuses on the things that rookies are surprised to find and fans never see in the life of

BIG MEN ON THE MOVE

PAINTINGS BY CLIFF CONDAK





It is 2:30 p.m. in Boston, but this is a sport



in which time is out of joint, so the Royals use the afternoon for sleeping



The locker room before a game, a gray-green world of private worry where each man tries to ready himself

The taping, a pregame ritual sometimes necessary to save ankles, sometimes merely a balm to the nerves







IS THERE A DR. TASHIRO ON THE FIELD?

Indeed there is. After finishing his surgical chores, the doctor puts on a helmet and plays football with the pros

To most men his age, football is a hard seat in the stadium or a chair in front of the TV set. But to 47-year-old Dr. Kiyo Tashiro, a busy general practitioner and surgeon in Rome, N.Y., football is an exhilarating, bone-rattling two hours every Saturday playing defensive halfback for the Mohawk Valley Falcons. A 5-foot-10, 190-pound utility man, the doctor plays well enough to earn \$20 a game in the tough Atlantic Coast Conference.

CONTINUED



"I play football because I love it," Dr. Tashiro says. At Harvard, nearly 30 years ago, he was not permitted to play because a job teaching judo made him ineligible for college sports. However, he played with Boston semipro clubs, and later in Cincinnati, where he went to medical school. Since, wherever he has practiced medicine he has "managed to get a game." Four years ago he founded the Falcons. To keep in shape, Dr. Tashiro sprints (left) between office hours. He often makes hospital calls the day of a game, then packs his duffel bag in his tiny apartment (top right), which is mostly taken up by a set of drums (he loves jazz, but plays only at home). He and his pretty, young (21) wife Karin usually arrive at the field early, and she helps him unwind (below) from a hectic week. Then he goes into the clubhouse to dress and joke with vastly younger teammates (right), some only 19, who treat him as just another player named "Doc."







BLOCKING DOC *Continued*

Before a jammed Saturday night crowd of 3,000 in Herkimer, N. Y., the doctor throws a crunching block at hefty, 210-pound enemy lineman Nap Barbosa (above), who once belonged to the Colts. Plays like this, though made in a winning cause (the Falcons beat the Baltimore Broncos this night 26-6), prompt his patients to ask why the doctor takes such risks, and particularly why he is

willing to endanger his surgeon's hands. When, they ask, are you going to stop "playing that kid stuff"? "All that business about the hands is a Hollywood myth," says Dr. Tashiro. "I'm in excellent condition. I have more endurance than a lot of the players on the team, many young enough to be my sons. I love the game. I love the fellowship of sports. Why should I stop?"

Pre-party tips for helpful husbands

1. Assume some of your wife's chauffeuring chores. Pick up the canapés. Get her dress from the cleaner's. Stop at the florist. (How about one perfect rose for her?)

2. You buy the liquor. This prevents feminine flutterings. (If you're not certain what your guests like to drink, remember this: more people prefer Seagram's V.O. to any other imported whisky in the world.)

3. Important: set up bar beforehand. A compartment-ed basket makes an efficient portable bar. Be sure you have enough glasses (twice as many as guests), a good bottle-opener; a sharp knife; an ample ice-bucket.

4. Be sure to have a generous supply of V.O. on hand. Most people like V.O. the first time they try it. Because V.O. has a special light-

ness that actually brings out the brilliance of the whisky.

5. Perform some special gourmet tasks. If you're serving cheeses, you cut them. A whole wheel of Danish Blue Cheese is dramatic and delicious. (Cutting into cheese can be a real he-man job!)

6. Have a wonderful time. Wish we were there!

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CANADIAN WHISKY - A BLEND OF SELECTED WHISKIES, 80% GRAIN ALCOHOL, 40% PROOF, SEAGRAM DISTILLERS COMPANY, N.Y.C.



Fish, fowl and smoke

The art of cooking with smoke, all but gone the way of the smokehouse, is in for a revival on the patio, thanks to a couple of fishermen who caught a surplus of trout

When the shipwrecked family in *The Swiss Family Robinson* built its permanent home on a tropical island the surroundings were nearly ideal—plenty of food, a beautiful location, with a little river splashing over the pebbles and the wide blue bay fringed by yellow sands beyond a tree-shaded grassy slope—or, as Mr. Robinson put it, “The scene which presented itself was indeed delightful.” And what did the Robinsons do there? They smoked herring, salmon, sturgeon and trout.

“The boys and I built a small hut of reeds and branches,” continued Mr. Robinson, “and then we strung our herrings on lines across the roof. On the floor we lit a great fire of brushwood and moss, which threw out a dense smoke, curling in volumes about the fish. . . .” Since the island was stocked like a delicatessen with all sorts of foodstuffs that could be secured without effort, Mr. Robinson would seem to have been excessively industrious. Nevertheless, the Robinsons did not hesitate whenever one of them brought home fish or game: they built a smokehouse and soon, with happy smiles on their sooty visages, were piling green wood on the fire.

The fact of the matter seems to be that once people begin to smoke fish and game they find it impossible to stop. Certainly they cannot stop if they have caught the fish or shot the game. The picture on the opposite page, showing a salmon and a pheasant in a woodland setting, with wisps of hickory smoke floating through the leaves, is a sort of game-smoker's pinup picture, evoking the delicate aroma of woodsmoke and extremely delicious food. It helps explain why the Robinsons were so eager to set to it even if they already had enough to eat.

The present-day interest in home-smoked game started under similar conditions. Ewing Sharp and his brother, who operate an electronics firm in Burbank, Calif., were vacationing in the Bridger wilderness in Wyoming and, after backpacking 20 miles, found they had caught too many golden trout in these remote lakes to take home. They had two rolls of aluminum foil in their packs. “We had only to dig a trench for the fire,” said Ewing, “chop some willow logs, set out four stakes and fashion over them an aluminum-foil chimney to carry the smoke from the fire to the fish.” The smoked golden trout was so tasty that it opened visions of a commercial future. The new generation of patio sportsmen needed something handy, attractive enough to be used in the yard, small enough for family use, yet large enough to provide for neighbors attracted by the aroma of hickory. The Sharp brothers' efforts finally evolved into the Little Chief, selling for \$29.95. About 5,000 of these have been sold, most of them in the Pacific Northwest.

Commercially manufactured smokers, however, give no accurate indication of the extent of the revival of interest in home-smoked fish and game, because most fish-and-bird chefs still make their own smokehouses. Dr. Robert Berwick, a San Francisco physician, made his own smoker by using a 30-gallon garbage can and several old coffee tins. Boring holes in the top of the garbage can for vents and placing one tin can on the bottom and another above, he smokes salmon, trout, venison and other delicacies, using charcoal briquettes to generate the heat and chips of apple wood or apricot wood to impart flavor. “It's all home-grown,” said Dr. Berwick. “We even have apple trees in our backyard.” In Vancouver, B.C., Carl Wilson, a steelhead fisherman,

smokes his catches by a method imported from Norway: smoke from the fire in one shack is piped into another shack, where the salmon is smoked without being heated. In Oregon, where sportsmen smoke salmon, sturgeon, trout, blue grouse, deer and elk, the characteristic modern smokehouse is an outdoor shed built of marine plywood, with trays of quarter-inch galvanized hardware cloth. Jay Long of Corvallis is reputed to have one sample of everything furred, fanned or feathered in his smokehouse, and the smoke hobbyists of the region follow his recipes with dedicated fidelity.

The real center of smokehouse enthusiasm, however, seems to be Bellingham, Wash., where making smokers out of discarded refrigerators is a community pastime. A few years ago a fisherman named Oscar Schenking removed the motor and freezing unit of one of these and put a coffee-making hot plate at the bottom. He used alder chips, filling a two-pound coffee can placed on the hot plate, to create smoke. He taped up the door before he went to work, after piling enough wood chips in the coffee can to last eight hours, and he found the steelheads properly smoked when he came home. The result was so successful that it soon became almost impossible to find second-hand refrigerators anywhere around Bellingham.

Dr. Fidalgo in the San Juan Islands, Dr. J. K. Neils uses an old Army field oven on the lawn for his smoker. The field oven has an outlet for smoke near the top which makes just enough draft to keep the wood smoking. The alder is cut in small chunks and is kept damp so it will smolder and not flame. Dr. Neils and his wife Gloria, who are celebrated for their game dinners, usually start their meals with hors d'oeuvres of home-smoked game birds, sliced thin. Breast of duck, for instance, is boned, soaked 24 hours in light brine, sprinkled with unseasoned meat tenderizer and allowed to stand for one hour. Then it is marinated overnight in salad oil seasoned with crushed garlic clove, bay leaf, soy sauce and Spice Islands Spice Parisienne and smoked for five to eight hours.

One obstacle to any widespread acceptance of home-smoked game has been the contemporary notion that elaborate or secret pickling processes are involved. This is not so, as we shall see. Another obstacle has been the assumption that the smokehouse, which was an important

continued



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Right: The Blazer, 31726, hand sewn front brogue, Perfect brown calf, black calf, 31696.*

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FOOD

part of the American rural scene until 30 years ago, existed only to produce ham and bacon, with smoked fish and game merely incidental products during smelt or salmon runs or in periods when more ducks had been shot than could be eaten at the moment. As commercial packing-houses took over the business of processing hams and bacon, the domestic art of preserving one's catch or game began to die out and virtually disappeared for decades.

What happens when wood is heated (but not allowed to burst into flame) and meat or fish (properly salted and seasoned) is hung above that wood is a fairly complicated chemical process with a simple result. Basically, charcoal is being produced, and the largest single component formed is acetic acid, a preservative which is the basis of vinegar. The effect of exposing the meat to the smoke is equivalent to soaking the meat in vinegar to preserve it, except that the preserving agent is conveyed in the form of a vapor, the smoke. The smoke not only acts as a dehydrating agent but also deposits a coating on the surface of the meat, and various phenolic and aldehydic bodies derived from the smoke and absorbed by the meat have a specific bactericidal effect.

How complex the preparations for smoking are depends on what one wants to achieve beyond mere preservation, in the way of nuances of taste or personal likes and dislikes. With the Little Chief, for example, you can, if you wish, merely clean your fish, rub them thoroughly with a mixture of equal parts of salt and sugar, let them stand under a few pounds' weight overnight and then smoke them the next day with no further preparation. The smoker itself is a metal box, a portable version of the old chimney smokers found in Colonial New England, with an upper chamber where the fish or game is hung and a lower door at the side where the smoke-producing heat is located. The box is about 16 inches square and three feet high. It gets moderately warm to the touch but not hot. The fish are placed on racks above a container, shaped like a frying pan, which holds powdered hickory. As the frying-panlike container is slid through the lower door and onto the hot plate, the hickory chars, the smoke fills the chamber with a thin, pale warmth, and the fish begin to change to a dunky golden brown almost instantly.

neously. Small fish are cured in five hours, big ones in eight. Since hickory powder is added frequently (and the container dumped of its ashes every two hours) some attention is required, but when the fish at last emerge, any amateur can understand why the Swiss Family Robinson looked forward with such pleasure to smoking.

Of course, fish prepared as simply as those described are merely a first step. Henry Beyers of Bellingham, who uses a four-foot-square cement fire pit in his homemade smokehouse, prepares his steelhead as follows: Clean, remove backbone and cut the fish into pieces six inches long. Soak them in heavily salted water for 40 minutes to an hour, drain and wipe them dry. Brush the fish with olive oil mixed with one large clove of garlic, crushed. Then sprinkle the flesh side of the fish generously with brown sugar that has been dried in a slow oven until crumbly. Leave the fish overnight in the refrigerator; build the smokehouse fire and, when the smoke is blue, place the fish on trays and smoke for 12 hours, increasing the heat at the end to 200°.

Over-smoking is a sin

Although only the breast of game birds is smoked by most hunters, Jay Long, the woodland gourmet of Corvallis, Ore., prepares the whole bird in this fashion. Pick and dress the birds as if for roasting, then soak for 12 to 24 hours in a solution of 10 ounces of salt, 5 ounces of brown sugar and 1 1/4 ounce black pepper per gallon of water. Rinse and place in fresh water, to which garlic powder and Tabasco may be added, for two to four hours. Place the drained and dried birds on the grate and smoke at 100° for four to six hours. If the birds are not fat, baste with melted butter occasionally. Increase the heat of the smoke to 150° for another two or three hours. They should be served cold and the surplus stored in a refrigerator or freezer. "Once people get the knack," says Sharp, "they go out on their own and do practically anything they want in the way of recipes." The great sin in the woodsman's bible is over-smoking. Contrary to popular notion, the Indians of the Northwest make inedible smoked salmon of the texture and flavor of muk-luks. They smoke it much too hard and presoak it in seawater. As the seawater often has a veneer of outboard-motor fuel, today's Indian-smoked salmon tastes of Old Evinrude.

END

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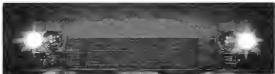
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BRIDGE / Charles Goren

The declarer ducked the dink

I am not sure how the word "dink" came to mean what it does in bridge and, after tracking it down in Webster's Unabridged, the best I can do is offer a wild theory. A dinking die is described as a cutting punch. In bridge, punching means to shorten a player's trumps by forcing him to ruff. Dinking has the same meaning.

At any rate, dinking the declarer is a standard method of defense. If declarer can be forced to trump often enough, he may lose the mastery of the trump suit and be decisively defeated. Usually the defender's efforts are aimed at shortening the long trump hand. Giving declarer ruffs in the shorter hand seldom hurts him and will, in fact, usually help him more than it helps the defenders. But there are exceptions to every rule, and the deal shown below is one of them.

When North bid only two diamonds in response to

Both sides vulnerable
East dealer

Diagram showing the card distribution for the deal:

NORTH

WEST

EAST

SOUTH

EAST	SOUTH	WEST	NORTH
1W	DOUBLE	PASS	2♦
PASS	3♦	PASS	4♦
PASS		PASS	

Opening lead: jack of hearts

South's takenout double, it was something of an underbid. Consequently, when South showed a five-card spade suit in a good hand, North corrected his earlier conservatism by jumping to game.

East overlooked his partner's jack of hearts in order to continue the suit. It is proper to follow with the highest remaining card in partner's suit, so when West played the 2 on the second heart lead, East knew the heart situation. He correctly decided that his best chance was to cut down declarer's prospects of establishing dummy's diamond suit, and he led another high heart.

West discarded the 2 of diamonds. It was tempting for declarer to ruff this in dummy, but he saw what would happen if he allowed dummy to be dinked, and he made the excellent play of discarding one of dummy's clubs.

Let's stop for a moment and see what would have happened if dummy had ruffed the third heart. South could come to his hand with the ace of diamonds and get back to dummy with a trump. But if he attempted to cash dummy's high diamonds and discard losing clubs, West would trump the third round of diamonds and lead his last trump. The diamond suit would not yet be established, and South would remain with a club loser. Nor would it help declarer if he played two rounds of trumps before leading out the good diamonds.

But when South refused to allow the dummy's trump holdings to be shortened, the defenders were helpless. East did the best he could by leading still another round of hearts, giving West a second diamond discard when declarer ruffed high. But South then cashed the diamond ace, took another high spade and led a second trump to dummy's 10. Next he led a low diamond from dummy, trumped it high and returned to dummy with a third round of trumps, at the same time drawing West's remaining spade. The king and queen of diamonds dropped the outstanding cards in that suit, and dummy's remaining diamond produced the 10th trick.

If East had shifted to his singleton club after winning two heart tricks, it would have been much easier for declarer. Against the defense thrown at him, however, it was necessary to refuse the ruff in order to preserve a trump entry.

EXTRA TRICK

"A trick is a trick" is a dangerous bridge philosophy. The value of a trick may vary greatly according to when you win it.

END



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The enigma of the interim coach

Hugh Devore of Notre Dame may have to win all the rest of his games to keep his job, but even if he is not retained, he and a lot of Irish alumni are certain of one thing—he has rescued a great tradition

A funny thing happened to Notre Dame's Hugh Devore on his way to work as "interim" coach of the most famous football factory in the U.S. He somehow got the impression that he was Knute Rockne or, at least, one of the Four Horsemen. And last week, after Notre Dame beat UCLA 29-12, thousands of Fighting Irish over the country began to wonder if in Devore there did not indeed walk the reincarnation of a proud old spirit.

The substantial UCLA victory followed the big upset of Southern California (17-14). Although the Irish had lost two games, they had lost them bravely and by close scores. (Powerful Wisconsin beat Notre Dame in their opener, 14-9, and Purdue scored a 7-6 victory when a two-point conversion try failed.) Notre Dame obviously had found a fighting heart and a tough mental attitude—both notably absent for several seasons. The prospects seem splendid that for the remainder of the season it will not be pushed around by anybody. The prospects are equally splendid that Hugh Devore, almost as familiar a relic on the South Bend campus as the Golden Dome, will be hard to demote in favor of a "permanent" coach.

Devore came up from the freshman squad last March to reassume the head coaching job he had been "interim" coach during World War II when Frank Leahy was in the Navy) after Joe Kuharich resigned under pressure. When Father Theodore M. Hesburgh, Notre Dame's president, announced Devore's appointment, he both surprised and infuriated many Notre Dame alumni ("Either make him the coach or don't make him the coach," said one), and some thought Devore would react to the situation with the indifference so limited a portfolio deserved.

But Hugh Devore had other ideas. He stood a little straighter, walked a little more briskly and his gravel voice grew huskier. "We've got too many

French poodles around here," he said to the squad at workout one day. "What we need are some mad dogs."

Always a gentle man, Devore, at 52, suddenly found himself developing the harsher emotions typical of a hard, young coach. If he privately deplored the necessity of acting this way, he nonetheless knew that his only chance for success was to exploit the traditions of the school's past greatness. He threw out Kuharich's system and put in his own, simplifying assignments. He hired three new assistants. He started a Rockne award that goes to the outstanding player after each week's game (a bust of the famous coach that sits above the player's locker for one week, until someone else wins it). And he moved players to other positions like a man with a 10-year contract. Fullback Joe Farrell went to halfback. End Jim Kelly, the fine pass receiver, became a defensive halfback for a while (Devore also instructed his quarterbacks not to throw so much to Kelly, who caught 41 last year, because he did not want the team to become "Kelly conscious.") "In the end," he said, "the ideas all have to be your own."

Explaining the difference between Devore the varsity coach and Devore the freshman coach, Devore said: "With the freshmen, the approach is fraternalistic because the emphasis is more on pushing the educational side of things, on keeping the kids eligible and stressing football's fundamentals. With the varsity, you have to touch mental toughness. As Wallace Wade [ex-Duke coach] used to say, 'A dying man can always lunge twice.' You have to condition the mind and the body to achieve success."

Whether Notre Dame can achieve enough success this season to keep Devore on the job probably will be decided on his won-lost record. He has a good start. Certainly an 8-2 or 7-3 season would do it. ("In a spot like Hughie's in," says one head coach, "a 5-5 record would be colossal.") Official Notre

Dame is still noncommittal. Athletic Director Edward Krause says, "We really haven't thought about it."

Meanwhile, Devore is determined to give the Irish that intangible thing called spirit. "When we get the winning pattern," he says, "maybe I won't have to shout so much or be so hostile. It's not my nature. This team is not far away from being real good. It's got the basic ingredients—courage and tenacity."

They were put there by the "interim" coach.

CONTINUED



INJECTING A NEW SPIRIT at Notre Dame, Coach Devore barks at players.

FOOTBALL'S WEEK

by MERVIN HYMAN

THE EAST

THE TOP THREE: 1. PITT (4-0)
2. NAVY (4-1) 3. SYRACUSE (3-2)

"We'll be tricked up some for Penn State," admitted SYRACUSE Coach Ben Schwartz-walder last week. Sure enough, Quarterback Walley Mahle hot-caked the ball back and forth with his halfbacks and fullbacks in a wing T version of the old single-wing back lateral series, but it was not Syracuse's un-acustomed ginger that beat State 9-0. It was the tough Orange line and Schwartz-walder's old reliable bluebonnet game that did in the Nittany Lions. Late in the second quarter, Halfback Billy Hunter slanted out toward his right end, cut inside behind crisp blocking and then blew past the frantically grabbing safety man, Joe Vargo, on his way to a 53-yard touchdown run. On the first play of the second half, Halfback Mike Koski went 58 yards to the State seven with the same power sweep and, when the Lions held, Joe Paglio kicked a 24-yard field goal. Meanwhile, Penn State, unable to move on the ground, tried desperately to win with Pete Liske's passes, but Z Back Don Caum and End Dick Anderson each dropped one in the end zone.

If PITT had a time squeezing past West Virginia 13-10 (see page 22), ARMY had no problems at all against Wake Forest, as its backs ran over the Deacons for 501 yards. The score: 47-0. VILLANOVA recovered from some early George Washington skulduggery (a no-center-snap screen pass) to win 14-13, while BUFFALO beat Boston U. 22-13.

HARVARD and DARTMOUTH, approaching Saturday's Ivy League showdown, both had their troubles. Despite some first-half body English by a distinguished visiting alumnus, President John F. Kennedy, Harvard had to settle for an undistinguished 3-3 tie with COLUMBIA. Dartmouth needed some late trickery, a pitchout, hand-back and then

a 12-yard pass from Dana Kelly to sub Halfback Bob O'Brien, to edge Holy Cross 13-8. Gary Wood's talented running and Pete Gogolak's last-minute 33-yard field goal put down Yale 13-10 for CORNELL. Led by Tailback Hugh MacMillan and Fullback Cosmo Iacavazzo, PRINCETON routed Colgate 42-0; BROWN sophomore Bob Hall's passing and running overwhelmed Penn 41-13.

THE SOUTH

THE TOP THREE: 1. AUBURN (3-0)
2. MISSISSIPPI (3-0-1) 3. TEN (4-1)

AUBURN Coach Shug Jordan comes from Selma, Ala., so it was only natural that he should name a cute little delay-pass play he dreamed up for Georgia Tech "Selma right" and "Selma left." The pass went to his slot backs going up the middle, and Quarterback Jimmy Sidle threw it six times. The first time the ball was intercepted. The next five, to George Rose and David Rawson, set up three touchdowns and two field goals by Woody Woodall, and the unbeaten Tigers upset Tech 29-21.

Tennessee fumbled away the ball six times to ALABAMA and lost to Joe Namath's three touchdowns passes, 35-0. MISSISSIPPI, so busy playing soft touches that it hardly knows its own strength, bombed winless Tulane 21-0. FLORIDA, coming on fast, hammered Vanderbilt 21-0. LSU, too, was still winning, over Kentucky 28-7, but Fullback Buddy Hame and Halfback Joe Labruzzo were cut down by injuries. MISSISSIPPI STATE, the surprise of the SEC, coasted past Houston 20-0.

When Miami and GEORGIA met in the Orange Bowl, Miami's George Mira was expected to bomb away—and he did. He completed 25 out of 44 passes for 342 yards and, at last, a touchdown. But Georgia's Larry Rakestraw was even better. His 25 completions earned two scores, and he ran for two others. Georgia won 31-14.

VMI's John McKenna was honest. "Reviewing NAVY movies has been like watching horror films," he said. "There's just no way to stop Roger Staubach. I've told my boys to go out there, play with abandon and hope for the best." Staubach completed nine of 13 passes for 148 yards, and Navy won 21-12. That was expected. But it was the abandon that bothered McKenna. When Fred Marlin tried a field goal from the VMI 31, Quarterback Mark Mulrooney botched down the short kick in the end zone and then nonchalantly walked away from the ball. Marlin fell on it for Navy's first touchdown.

DUKE's ACC future was shaky indeed after Clemson peppered the Blue Devils for 364 yards passing and barely lost 35-30. Four touchdown passes by Scotty Glucken, three of them to Stan Crisson, and some solid running by Jay Wilkinson saved the day. NORTH CAROLINA looked like a solid challenger. The Tar Heels used two units to wear down the skingy North Carolina State line and Junior Edge hit the Wolfpack hard with a new option pass to Tight End Joe Robinson. It scored twice as North Carolina won 31-10. MARYLAND, after four straight losses, was crying poor mouth all week. But Coach Tom Nugent was talking big again. All it took was Dick Shiner's last-second 36-yard pass to Darryl Hall for the touchdown that surprised Air Force, 21-14.

THE MIDWEST

THE TOP THREE: 1. WISCONSIN (4-0)
2. OKLAHOMA (2-1) 3. ILLINOIS (3-0-1)

Iowa, a popular preseason pick for last place in the Big Ten, nearly upset Wisconsin, the nation's second-ranked team. Springing to a 7-3 lead on Halfback Lonnie Rogers' 21-yard touchdown and holding the Badgers to 99 yards rushing, Iowa lost the victory through a fumble and lost a tie through pride and inches. When stout defense (led all day by Guard Mike Reilly) forced a Wisconsin fumble on the nine, the game seemed saved. Sadly, the Hawkeyes fumbled right back, and a Hal Beandt-Holland pass scored. Then, once again down in enemy territory with 99 seconds left, Iowa scored a field goal. Halfback Paul Krause's eight-yard fake-kick run was inches short.

Playing with a stiffened, swollen arm taped from wrist to bicep, ILLINOIS Center Dick Butkus got in on 17 tackles and caused two of Minnesota's four fumbles. But it was Butkus' substitute, Jim Plunkhorn, who fell on the fumble that led to the last Illini touchdown in a 16-6 win. Plunkhorn, in for the injured Butkus, snapped to the punter, then got downfield in time to recover the dropped kick on the nine. Quarterback Fred Cusanto scored on the next play. Gopher bobbles had already led to the first Illinois score and to Plunkhorn's field goal.

Trailing Indiana 3-0 because of seven fumbles, MICHIGAN STATE scored on a pretty fake-field-goal-pass play from Dave McCormack to Fullback Roger Lopes and went on to win 20-3. Six minutes into the first quarter, Michigan fumbled on its 26. PUNDT recovered, scored, recovered a fumble on the kickoff, scored again, and won 23-12. NORTHWESTERN crushed Miami 37-6.

Despite last week's thrashing by Texas, the disciplinary firing of star Halfback Joe Don Looney and Kansas' 269 yards rushing, OKLAHOMA bounced back 21-18. NEBRASKA and MISSOURI whopped Kansas State and Oklahoma State by identical 28-6 scores, and IOWA STATE jared Colorado 19-7. Un-

continued

THE BEST

LINEBACKER OF THE WEEK: Linebacker Ed Coen, at 5 feet 10 and 185 pounds the midjet of the big Syracuse defensive line, made five tackles, was in on 13 others, recovered a fumble and helped lead a rush that beat Penn State.

BACK OF THE WEEK: Georgia Quarterback Larry Rakestraw broke every major SEC passing record in routing heavily favored Miami. He completed 25 of 38 passes for 407 yards and gained 414 yards in all, also an SEC record.



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COLLEGE FOOTBALL (continued)

beaten Little Delaware whipped Ohio 29-12, and unbeaten Bowling Green edged Toledo 22-20.

Statistically football's all-time greatest quarterback, NORTHERN ILLINOIS' George Bork set world records, completing 38 of 53 for 445 yards and five touchdowns in a 43-0 rout of Illinois State U.

THE SOUTHWEST

THE TOP THREE: 1. TEXAS (9-0)
2. RICE (7-1) 3. BAYLOR (3-1)

Strategy burned like a runaway prairie fire when Texas and Arkansas met before a record 42,000 at Little Rock. Expecting Texas to exploit the split T option it used so gloriously against Oklahoma, Arkansas' Frank Broyles moved his corner linebacker wide off the weak side. So the Longhorns ignored the option. Quarterback Duke Carlisle faked one way and sent fullback Harold Philpott charging up the middle (for 135 yards). Before the put-out Purkers could adjust, Texas had a 17-0 lead. But then two 19-year-old sophomores suddenly came of age for Arkansas and, all at once, it was a game. Tailback Jackie Brasuell took a kick-off back 89 yards; Quarterback Jon Brittenum cashed it in with a 12-yard pass to Wingback Stan Sparks, later run and patted most of 90 yards to a second touchdown to make the final score a respectable 17-13. Said Texas' Darrell Royal whimsically: "Both sides had occasion to show a lot of character."

Larry Rice and John Sylvester, too delicate to work out with the Rice team, scored all the points as the Owls beat SMU 13-7. Rice, who has a knee injury, booted 27- and 41-yard field goals and an extra point; Sylvester, who suffers from an eye infection, grabbed a nine-yard pass from Benny Hollingsworth in the last minute.

TEXAS A&M shocked TCU by going ahead

14-7 in the first half, then shut off the plodding Frogs late in the game to earn a 14-14 tie. BAYLOR'S Don Trull completed 19 of 32 passes for 261 yards and three touchdowns, the last one to Jim Ingram with 1:51 to play, to overwhelm Texas Tech 21-17.

THE WEST

THE TOP THREE: 1. OREGON (4-0)
2. USC (3-0) 3. OREGON STATE (4-1)

Woody Hayes, who should know, said after Ohio State's 32-3 loss to USC: "Our No. 4 national rating was a joke." Beyond question, OSU was less ranked than rank, the Buckeyes were outgained 215 yards to 119 on the ground and had more passes intercepted than completed. Meanwhile, USC's Pete Beathard completed nine of 13 for 159 yards and a touchdown. Almost as if to mock State, USC used only three plays in the second half and benched Beathard.

Arizona could not decide which man it liked less. OREGON Halfback Mel Renfro carried 13 times for 113 yards and a touchdown, then got bored with travel and tried playing quarterback. Regular Quarterback Bob Berry completed 13 of 18 passes for 190 yards and one touchdown, ran for another. Oregon won easily, 28-12. Stanford Coach John Ralston, no happy loser, actually wept when pass interference nullified the late touchdown that could have tied waste-nots, letting the Huskies escape with a 19-11 win. Ralston had plenty of provocation. Washington's first touchdown was an 88-yard run by Halfback Ron Medved, and its last two were identical 30-yard tackle-eligible pass plays to Jack Kupp.

OREGON STATE capitalized on Washington State mistakes to win 30-6, and CALIFORNIA trounced San Jose 34-13. Quarterback Tom Wilkinson led Wyoming to a 41-14 win over Brigham Young, whose Tailback, Phil Brady, was limited to four yards by BYU's new Y formation.

SATURDAY'S TOUGH ONES

Pitt over Navy. Despite Staubach's brilliance, Pitt can beat the Midlans in the line.

Syracuse over Oregon State. This is a case of power over some very good passing.

Dartmouth over Harvard. Tough as it is, Harvard's line will yield to Indian trickery.

Duke over North Carolina State. Both can throw, but Duke has more good runners.

Florida over LSU. Minus most of its backfield, LSU can't match Dupree's running.

Texas over Rice. Attacking or defending, the efficient Longhorns are too much for Rice.

Wisconsin over Ohio State. The Buckeyes will fall to the old Badger game—passing.

Northwestern over Michigan State. The mercurial Wildcats are in another barn-burner.

Oregon over Washington. Holding all those fast Webfoots is a large chore for anybody.

Wyoming over Utah. The cagey Cowboys are too quick for the solid Redskins.

OTHER GAMES

ARIZONA OVER WASHINGTON STATE
BOSTON COLLEGE OVER AIR FORCE
GEORGIA OVER KENTUCKY
ILLINOIS OVER UCLA
IOWA OVER PURDUE
MINNESOTA OVER MICHIGAN
MISSISSIPPI STATE OVER MEMPHIS STATE
MISSOURI OVER IOWA STATE
NEVADA OVER WEST VIRGINIA
OHIO OVER TEXAS TECH
*1 relay night game

LAST WEEK'S PREDICTIONS

12 RIGHT, 4 WRONG, 1 TIE
SEASON'S RECORD: 41-22-7



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IN A SCENE THAT WILL BE DUPLICATED NEXT YEAR, 62,000 FILL TOKYO'S NATIONAL STADIUM FOR THE OPENING DAY CEREMONIES

A very dry run in Tokyo

The weather was clear, crowds under control and events on time as Japan rehearsed for '64

The Tokyo International Sports Week ("Don't call it the pre-Olympics," Japanese officials implored, although that is the name they gave it before they failed to get an Olympic Committee sanction) turned out to be a surprisingly successful dry run. Deliberately scheduled exactly 365 days before the opening of the XVIII Olympiad in 1964, the week was a half-sized facsimile of next year's Games, save that Emperor Hirohito was not there (Crown Prince Akihito stood in for him) and the Olympic flame was absent. Some 4,000 athletes from 35 countries participated, more than a dozen of them world-record hold-

ers. If individual performances did not come up to expectations, the Japanese organizers were ecstatic because of their triumphs over other problems: crowd control, transportation to and between a dozen sites 38 miles apart, housing and feeding of the athletes, interpreter services, the condition of the athletic facilities themselves—everything, in fact, but the weather.

On opening day it came up cloudy, windy and unseasonably cold—the kind of weather one would expect for an Army-Navy game. The Olympics had been scheduled for October to avoid Tokyo's intense midsummer heat and the September typhoon season. Japan, which lies on the fringe of the Pacific "typhoon track," is supposed to be clear by mid-October but somehow never is. As Sports Week opened, Typhoon Kit was boiling across the Pacific toward Japan, packing winds of 115 miles an hour, and Typhoons Lola and Mamie were picking up speed not far behind. The cold, cloudy weather was Kit's advance calling card, and Sports Week officials were in constant nervous touch with the weather bureau. As the well-bundled athletes paraded into refurbished

National Stadium in downtown Tokyo's Meiji Park, one shivering Japanese observed hopefully, "We have an old saying in Japan that autumn weather is changeable as a woman's mind."

Fortunately, it turned out that way. Kit, Lola and Mamie veered away and took their destructive power elsewhere. As the events began, the weather became so beautifully clear that the snowcapped summit of Mount Fuji, 75 miles away, was clearly visible in downtown Tokyo—a rare phenomenon. Temperatures improved to comfortable levels. There was enough gusty wind to tax the skill of some of the world's best sailors in Sagami Bay, but not enough to interfere with track and field performances in the sheltered National Stadium. "Give us the same weather next October," said a relieved Japanese official, "and we will have no cause for complaint."

Aside from the minor disputes that accompany any international track meet these days, there was little cause for complaint about anything. Sprinters found the track in National Stadium a trifle slow. High jumpers grumbled that the takeoff points were too soft and that foam-rubber strips in the landing pit

produced muscle strains. Japanese officials promptly replaced the rubber strips with sand and said they would investigate other complaints, including those that the modern pentathlon riding course was too easy and the judging of the women's gymnastics too tough. Foreign athletes who spoke an English said there were not enough interpreters. Those who spoke English said their interpreters were not proficient enough. There was grumbling about the time it took to reach various practice sites—sometimes up to 90 minutes each way. But all will be taken care of by next October. Indeed, the reason it took so long to reach practice areas was a proliferation of dusty detours around new superhighways that, when completed, will simplify matters.

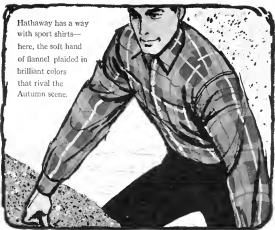
Tokyo mobilized 21,000 police for traffic control on the opening day of Sports Week and they performed magnificently. Traffic moved in near-miraculous fashion, thanks to more than 30 conferences held in recent months by police officials. In and around the stadium itself were 2,550 policemen on foot, 16 patrol cars and 70 motorcycle cops. The fire department had 1,279 men on emergency stand-by.

At the end of the opening ceremony, police emptied the stadium of 68,000 spectators in just 18 minutes and restored normal traffic conditions in only 50 minutes. Not a single major traffic jam developed—a tremendous achievement in a city beset by the world's most chaotic street network. There was no shrill whistle-blowing either. Cops held "stop" and "go" placards to direct vehicular and pedestrian traffic, and the device worked like a charm.

With customary thoroughness, the Japanese had timed the opening ceremony to the minute. The speeches, the parade of athletes, releasing of 5,000 pigeons and 5,000 balloons, and march-out took exactly 93 minutes—three minutes too long. Embarrassed officials had an apologetic explanation: "In rehearsals we used young men as stand-ins for dignitaries who are much older. We forgot that older men walk slowly, take a little longer to reach the podium and, once there, must have a few seconds to catch their breath before they start to speak." Meticulous attention to detail was reflected in official worrying over such trivial matters as the fact that a few of the 5,000 pigeons refused to fly and smoke trails of five jets in tight formation over the stadium did not give the exact reproduction of the five

continued

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Olympic colors as intended. "If that's all they have to worry about," said an Australian official, "they'll have the perfect Olympic Games."

Of course, there is still much to be done. The National Stadium, expanded to 72,000 capacity, is completed, but parking space must still be found for 6,500 additional cars in the stadium area, and negotiations for buying land are slow and tortuous. The \$13 million Komazawa sports complex for soccer, field hockey, wrestling and volleyball is only 65% complete. And work has just begun on the futuristic Yoyogi sports center for swimming and basketball and the \$5.5 million judo hall on a corner of the Imperial Palace grounds.

The main problem is housing. Because the Olympics will coincide with the height of the fall tourist season, Tokyo is going to have to find accommodations for an estimated 30,000 visitors. Even with a new 500-room Hilton Hotel just finished and the 592-room Shiba Prince and 1,500-room Otani scheduled for completion in time, Tokyo and the surrounding

area will be able to house but 16,500 people in first-class Western-style hotels. Japanese inns are being renovated, with such niceties as Western-style plumbing to handle another 5,000 people. Youth hostels can take another 2,500 who do not object to spartan living, and authorities are canvassing private homeowners in an effort to find lodging for 1,500 more. They had better succeed. During Sports Week ordinary tourists filled the hotels to capacity. Foreign competitors were housed in downtown Tokyo's big Dai-ichi Hotel, where chefs made special arrangements to beef up the calorie count of their menus from a normal 3,000 daily to 6,000 for the athletes. There was friendly coexistence in corridors at the Dai-ichi, but to keep it within proper limits a squad of burly (by Japanese standards) house detectives kept male competitors off the sixth floor, which was reserved for girls. Even so, at least one romance blossomed. Pretty blond Per-Ola Ljunggren, 15, of Sweden announced to one and all that she had fallen in love with Germany's Hans-Joachim Klein, whom she first met at the British swimming championships only the month

before. Klein, 21, told reporters, "Of course I like her, but love is a little too strong a word to express our present relationship." Whether it was love or not, their relationship paid dividends: Per-Ola won a gold medal in the 400-meter freestyle and Hans-Joachim won a pair in the 100-meter and 200-meter freestyle.

Japan, with a massive team of 3,400 athletes (1,300 of whom will compete in the Olympics), won most of the medals on sheer weight of numbers, but the week's outstanding performance came in the high jump when a towering 21-year-old Australian named Anthony Senezwell—a virtual unknown—jumped 7 feet 2½ inches, to become the fourth highest jumper in history. Russian coaches were stunned at this potential threat to their world champion Valeri Brumel (who did not come to Tokyo for this meet). Track Coach Koeopkin rushed to the jumping pits, watched Senezwell barely miss at 7 feet 4½ inches, and promptly bombarded Australian coaches with questions. "Who is he? What's his height and weight? We must watch this man closely." The world will be watching closely a year from now in Tokyo. **END**



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"Deer hunting in July?" asked my nephew, fresh from Pennsylvania and slightly alarmed when I suggested recently that he come stalking with me. I have become accustomed to this kind of shock, for it is the reaction I usually get when one of my countrymen comes to visit me in Germany and I suggest a summer deer hunt. To them, geared as they are to the hunting regulations of the United States, it would be hardly more improper to shoot your grandmother in July than a deer, and I must confess I had much the same viewpoint when I first came to Bavaria some 12 years ago. But now—thanks to some canny political maneuvering by my German neighbors—I am what might be called at least the junior master of my own hunting reserve and I have learned a great deal about a sport that many Americans think they understand yet don't. "Nephew," I said, trying hard not to sound wiser than thou, "Europeans

have been hunting deer six months out of the year since the Pilgrims sailed for Plymouth, and there is still plenty of game to go around. We are going hunting."

My Bavarian hunting reserve is not one of the great showplaces where European aristocracy once entertained its kings and emperors and where nowadays the German industrial aristocracy of the Ruhr entertains business friends on expense accounts. In fact, as reserves go, it is very modest indeed—about 2,500 acres of pasture and timber comprising the holdings of 30 or 40 dairy farmers in the bowl of an Alpine valley some 60 miles south of Munich. To the south the wall of the howl reaches up to the state forests on the higher mountain slopes. To the north it dies out into the foothills that eventually give way to the flatlands of the Inn and Danube rivers. Its game includes chiefly stag or red deer, akin to the American elk, or wapiti, roe deer, a

A MORE SENSIBLE WAY TO HUNT

A former diplomat, shown here stalking deer in the Alpine solitude of his private Bavarian reserve, tells America how to profit from a centuries-old European system **BY CHARLES W. THAYER**

ROBERT LACHENBAUGH



small version of the whitetail; and the chamois, a distant cousin of the mountain goat. In addition there are some wild duck, hares and an occasional capercaillie, a turkey-like mountain bird that provides very good sport in the early spring.

When my nephew arrived, ready for our hunt, he was dressed in a loud red sweater and a yellow cap. Our volunteer jagter, or game warden, Lorenz, winced, but before he could say anything I took my nephew inside and redressed him in green. "But what if some other shooter mistakes me for a deer?" he protested. "We're going hunting," I said acidly, "not shooting. Besides, hunters here stay in their own backyards."

It is a 10-minute drive by car from my home near the village of Ruhpolding to the foot of Hasselberg Mountain, where my reserve begins. We parked the car at the Meadow

Farm, happened to see the owner and briefly discussed with him the state of the weather, the condition of the hay and the whereabouts of the deer. Three bucks, he told us, had recently been grazing every evening on his upper meadow, but a fourth, much larger one had been seen by his son in a clearing near the top of the mountain, where Lorenz had built a "high seat," or stand, in the trees.

So we set out across the upper meadow to the forest above. The acid fumes of the barnyard manure heap gave way to the sweet smell of new-mown hay and then to the pungent odors of rotting vegetation in the damp beech forest. At the edge of the forest we paused and looked back over the valley.

Southern Bavaria has only two basic garments. When the snow melts in May or June everything is green—the rich emerald green of the Alpine meadows flecked

continued



with golden primroses and buttercups, the softer green of the woods and thickets and the deep blue-green of the forests above. In autumn the forests are touched with the gold and scarlet of the hardwoods, though not so brilliantly as in our northern states. Then in November or December, overnight, the whole countryside turns pure white, dotted here and there with the red-tiled roof of a farmhouse or the black of a cliff face. There is no intermediate gray-brown stage as there is in America, when the grass is trying to revive in spring or when the sap has drained away in late autumn but the snow has not yet come.

My nephew and I stood catching our breath and enjoying the green panorama until Lorenz jerked his head to get us moving again. He was carrying a light over-and-under, the 16-gauge shotgun barrel intended for foxes and other predators, the rifle barrel to be used, theoretically, against poachers. Leashed to his side was his big wirehaired German pointer, Alf. I was carrying two equally necessary pieces of equipment, my six-foot alpenstock and my Winchester .30-06 with a four-power scope. Bavarian hunting law prescribes very precisely what caliber, weight and type of bullet may be used to shoot every variety of game, the intent being to assure a heavy enough load to kill an animal outright. The use of buckshot is strictly forbidden, since it so often wounds an animal, condemning it to a slow death deep in the forest. The law also prescribes that when an animal is wounded, the hunter is obliged to trail it, usually with dogs, until it is found or the blood trail ends. Hunters are seldom tempted to shoot with a substandard rifle lest the bullet miss a vital organ and make it necessary to trail the wounded animal for hours.

There was a perfectly good path that zigzagged up the mountain, but Lorenz, whom my wife calls the "slave driver," headed straight up through brush and thickets. Pine branches whipped our faces, tore my glasses from my nose and clutched at our clothing like claws pulling us back.

At one point we came to the boundary of our reserve, where a tongue of our neighbor's shooting area reaches into ours. Our neighbor is a good friend and we have often discussed exchanging permits to cross each other's territory, but somehow, in good Bavarian fashion, we have never gotten around to it. German lawmakers know that no feud can be more bitter than one between hunting neighbors, so they insist that without a written agreement no armed hunter may set foot on his neighbor's reserve. At the boundary we unloaded and put the bolts of our rifles into our knapsacks. When we got back into our own territory we reloaded and struggled on upward.

We had been climbing for a good hour when at last we left the thickets and tall timber and came to a low wall of rock. A precarious goat trail wound up it, and, as I cursed Lorenz under my breath, we scrambled after him. Suddenly the dog stiffened and strained at his leash. Following his point to a clearing across a narrow ravine, we saw a chamois standing motionless, his head cocked on one side, staring curiously in our direction. Through my binoculars I saw



While Jueger Lorenz holds big wirehaired pointer named Alf, the author begins 30-foot climb up kolder to shooting bench

from the downward bend of the tips of his horns that he was a buck, but was he old enough to shoot?

This is a difficult question for a hunter to be asking himself at the moment when he is all but squeezing the trigger. The fact that it must be asked is one of the keys to the European conservation system. The law demands selective shooting. It is designed to eliminate the weak, the badly antlered males and the barren females, preserving the young and the strong. The law actually classifies all types of big game from the point of view of both age and quality, and specifies how many of each class may be shot in a given reserve in any one year. To enforce this provision, at the end of the season hunters must submit all their trophies at a show where experts check their classification. A hunter who mistakenly shoots a young buck or stag gets a red mark on his record. If he gets too many red marks he will lose his hunting license. He can even be fined for a gross mistake.

It is difficult enough for a beginner to determine the age of a stag as he stands in the bushes 200 yards away. To judge a chamois often requires much longer experience and a very high-powered telescope. But now, as I watched the chamois we had sighted through my binoculars, it was plain from his size and his slender horns that he was hardly three years old—far too young to shoot.

For 10 minutes we waited, clinging silently to the rocks lest he take fright and raise the alarm with his shrill whistling bleat. At last, his curiosity satisfied, he turned and ambled up the slope out of sight.

Another 15 minutes of climbing brought us to the high seat. It was hardly more than a bench set 30 feet off the ground between two tall spruces. It had a waist-high screen of boughs in front and a rickety ladder leading up to it. Lorenz moved off to a clearing half a mile along the slope where he was building another high seat, and my nephew and I made ourselves comfortable and prepared to wait. In front of us was an open clearing rising steeply 200 yards to a rocky skyline. Except for a tree or two we had an unbroken field of vision. High up among the rocks at the top of the clearing we could still see the young chamois we had spotted earlier, now browsing unconcernedly, as though he knew perfectly well that his youth exempted him from taking any precautions.

The swish of branches in the pine trees to our left caught our attention. A hind emerged and trotted to a patch of grass in the clearing. Behind her came another hind and following them a white-spotted fawn only a few months old. The season for young hinds was open, but I knew one of the two was a mother and therefore protected. Which one? The book says the old hind is rounder in her rear quarters and her belly line sags. The young hind is more angular and her belly is straight. For 10 minutes I watched the red deer through my glass, trying to make out which was which. I wanted to make no mistake. At last I made up my mind which was the young one and trained my rifle sight on her. But as I adjusted my gun a twig on the screen in front of us snapped. The three deer raised their heads, stared

in our direction and then, with a toss of their heads, galloped back into the thicket.

Half an hour went by. Then my nephew pointed down just below the stand, where a yearling roe deer was browsing among the ferns. As delicately as a ballerina it picked its way silently and gracefully through the rocks and fallen tree trunks, hardly 20 feet from us. We sat motionless and watched it as it wandered unsuspecting along the slope. The wind had turned cold and I could feel the bench shake with the shivers of my nephew. I pulled a corner of my green shooting cape around him. The fawn must have seen the movement, for it raised its head and bounded off into the thicket, barking in high, alarmed cries.

Once the alarm had been given, there was no point waiting for the big roebuck. So we climbed down and started back to the lower slopes whence we had come.

Lorenz had built an elaborate, enclosed high seat overlooking the upper and lower meadows, with a bench long enough to stretch out on and a foam rubber mattress that we called "The Deluxe." Windows on all sides overlooked the fields. There, sheltered from the evening breeze, we watched the meadows around us. A doe and her fawn were grazing in the freshly mown grass behind us. Two yearling fawns emerged from the woods and slowly made their way across the field in front.

The light was beginning to fade when a single doe appeared in the meadow 200 yards above us. Hopefully I watched her, for the rutting season was beginning and a loveborn buck might well be following her. At last I saw one emerge from the brush. Through my glasses I could make out his rack—a siver, but the points looked short and thin. Reluctantly I decided to let him go for another season or so. Then he raised his head, looked behind him and scampered off across the field. A moment later another buck came out, slowly, cautiously. He too had six points, but his neck was full and thick—obviously better developed from the weight of his rack. Four years? Five years? If the former, I should let him go. In the flatland you would also pass up a 3-year-old, but up here in the mountains a roebuck seldom develops well beyond his fifth year.

I had to decide quickly, for the light was failing fast. I took aim and fired. He dropped where he had stood. My nephew, cramped from the hours of sitting, was eager to climb up to where he lay, but I sternly told him to wait while we smoked a cigarette. The traditional pause, prescribed by hunting custom, was to give the animal a chance to breathe his last in peace and quiet.

The cigarette finished, we clambered up the slope to where he lay. Attracted by my shot, Lorenz and his dog emerged from the forest above us. He stopped by a spruce tree and broke off a twig and then dipped it in the blood of the buck. Grinning with pleasure, he came to attention in front of me, the "brush" resting on his hunting hat. While my nephew watched, puzzled, I removed my hat and shook hands with Lorenz as he solemnly pronounced the traditional congratulatory formula: "*Wendmuos-her!*"

continued

Just as solemnly I replied, "*Weidmanns-dank*," and stuck the brush in the band of my hat.

When the buck was dressed, we started back to the car. There we took the liver, heart and lungs and presented them to the farmer's wife—the customary reward for a farmer on whose property game is shot.

Then we drove to the home of the farmer who is in a sense the senior partner of our hunting reserve. There we celebrated the kill once more with a glass of schnapps and fixed a metal tag to the animal's ear to indicate he had been legally shot. My partner entered the kill on his records, to be reported in due course to the county hunting agent. On our way home we stopped at the neighborhood inn. Like most innkeepers in Germany, Georg, the owner, runs a butcher shop on the side and during the season he eagerly buys whatever venison we bring in. When the deer had been weighed I requested that the saddle be reserved for me, and drove home. That evening my nephew asked whether I killed a buck every day. My wife, who is unnecessarily factual when it comes to my hunting exploits, replied: "He is lucky if he brings something home once in five hunts."

So now my nephew knew what a typical day of hunting deer was like in Germany. What he did not know was the wealth of tradition and regulation that makes such hunting possible at all, things that I had been a long time learning. Like hundreds of American occupation officials, soldiers and diplomats, I had been shooting in Germany for years. In fact, I had shot my first roebuck before the war, when I was a vice-consul in Hamburg. But all of that shooting had been as the guest of a private owner or of the state forest. I had learned about stalking and shooting

and at least one has a deed to his farm dating to 1050—16 years before the Normans invaded England.

The meeting had already decided that no outsider could be allowed to take the shoot. But then one farmer asked whether *der Amerikauer* would be eligible. After some discussion it was agreed that *der Amerikauer* could bid.

Until then I had had no idea of getting a shoot of my own. In fact, I was unaware that the village reserve was to be auctioned. But my wife and I were frankly flattered at being accepted as members of the community, and the temptation to have our own shoot grew as we discussed the possibility. Simultaneously my education in the intricacies of the European hunting system began.

German conservation and hunting practice, which before the war was common to most of central Europe, is spelled out in a federal law that is then modified in some detail by the laws of the individual German states. Forty-six chapters cover in great detail every phase of conservation and hunting.

The underlying principle of the Continental hunting system is that the right to shoot carries with it an equal obligation to conserve. To assure fulfillment of this obligation, all hunting land is divided into hunting reserves, the owners or lessees of which are responsible by law for conserving the game on it at a prescribed level. Because of the nature of the beast, be it a hare or a stag, it cannot be "conserved" on 10-acre lots. Hence a minimum acreage is set for a hunting reserve. Though every citizen has a right to hunt, he can only practice that right if he assumes the responsibility for a reserve or, under restrictions, is invited by an owner or lessee or pays a fee to shoot on state property under the immediate supervision of a game warden. There are three basic types of reserves, public forests, about 10% of which are leased to private hunters, with the remainder run by state forestry officials who are responsible for conservation; privately owned reserves where the large landowner may hunt or may lease the hunting rights for his property; and community reserves, where small landowners combine their holdings and lease it to a private individual, a club or a syndicate.

My reserve is of the community type. For generations the farmers of the community have banded together in an association that leases the reserve to a specified individual or group every 12 years. When I was declared eligible to bid, the chairman of the association came to my home to explain the rules.

First of all, he said, the law requires that only a qualified hunter who has had a German hunting license for at least three years can bid on a reserve. My own license dated from 1939, so this was no problem. However, it can be a formidable one, since getting a hunting license in Germany is no simple matter of paying the local sporting goods store a license fee or taking a perfunctory test in weapon handling.

The German law lists six subjects in which an applicant for a license must be proficient: 1) zoology, as it pertains

continues

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Dating 20 years as a U.S. diplomat, Charles W. Thayer hunted from Korea to Afghanistan, from the Russian subarctic to equatorial Sudan. Since retiring from diplomacy, he has written several books—among them *Bears in the Caucasus* and the best-selling *Diplomat*—and a number of stories for *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*.

and the customs and traditions of European hunting, but I knew little of the basic conservation practices by which Europeans—confronted with an ever-denser population—have managed to preserve their herds of game.

Had it not been for the *Wife* question, of a Bavarian farmer at a meeting of the Ruhpolding farmers' association two years ago, I would probably still be as ignorant as the average guest on a German shoot. It happened that the 12-year lease on the village shooting reserve was about to expire and be re-auctioned. The farmers had met to decide who would be eligible to bid. The farmers of our village, like farmers anywhere, are wary of strangers, and though I had been living there for 10 years I was very much of a new-comer by their standards, for most of them can trace their family records back more than 300 years

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to local game; 2) the use of weapons, including permissible loads for shells and cartridges; 3) hunting practices; 4) the law pertaining to hunting; 5) the handling of hunting dogs; and 6) the basic principles of conservation. In addition, the law requires the use of ancient German hunting jargon and familiarity with European hunting customs.

There is nothing superficial about the examination, and the standard textbook for beginners is a 300-page volume containing information that ranges from the diseases of badgers to the notes of European hunting calls. Under the heading "hunting practices," an applicant must be able to do such things as distinguish the hoofprints of a running stag from those of a walking hind and dress an animal with his sleeves rolled down, without getting a drop of blood on his cuffs. The examining board in each county is made up of specialists who test the applicant orally. If he should refer to a stag as "dying" instead of "succumbing" as the jargon requires, he gets a red mark, and if he does not know that a hunter's toast is drunk with the left hand he is looked upon as an uneducated oaf.

In addition to the legal limitations of prospective bidders, the local farmers' association had imposed certain rules of its own. No outsiders were permitted to bid, and bidders had to agree not to sell hunting permits to strangers by the day. The association would determine by vote which of the three highest bidders should be granted the lease.

"There," said the chairman, "is where you will run into trouble, since not a dozen farmers here know you." It was an understatement, for I lived at the very edge of the community, high up the valley, and, aside from the village officials and shopkeepers, scarcely anyone knew me except as the somewhat odd *Amerikaner* who could often be found standing chest-high in their icy river casting for trout.

Nevertheless, supported by a half dozen friends, my wife and I decided to make a bid. We were in Washington when a frantic cable from my friends announced the bidding was about to take place and that I would have to send my hunting license so they could get my *Jagdpacht/abgabekittelsbescheinigung*. The Washington cable office seemed to suspect I was communicating in a secret code, but skeptically accepted my explanation that my friends wanted to get me a "certificate-of-ability-to-lease-a-hunting-reserve." I airmailed my license, submitted my bid and waited.

Weeks later I was given the dramatic details of what followed. My two principal competitors were the *Bürgermeister* of the village and a farmer known as "The Knogler," after his farm, the Knogel. The rivalry between the two and their supporters in the village grew bitter as the auction day approached. Wherever a group of farmers assembled heated arguments took place. "For two weeks I couldn't even go to the inn for my evening glass of beer," one of the contenders told me later.

When at last the association met at the inn and the names of the three highest bidders were announced, feelings had reached a high pitch of tension. Top bidder was The Knogler. When my bid was announced as second highest

it was greeted with shouts of derision. This convinced my backers that, as they had suspected all along, I did not stand a chance. Hastily they withdrew to a smoke-filled back room of the inn, where, in the best of political traditions, a deal was made. My candidacy was withdrawn in favor of The Knogler's and my votes went to him. In return, he would accept me as a junior partner. When the votes were counted, The Knogler won handily.

When I returned to the village a few weeks later and subscribed to the agreement, I had the odd feeling that I was being sent up the river for a 12-year stretch, for a hunting lease imposes heavy responsibilities. The right to shoot is limited by a quota established for the reserve. This my partner had already arranged. First, with the help of the state forestry officials, he made an estimate of the game population. Then, using a formula that is based on the size and type of area, he proposed a shooting quota for each species and type of game—so many 1-A stags, so many hinds, so many roebuck, etc. This proposal was submitted for approval to the county hunting agent and the chairman of the local farmers' association.

The object of the formula on which the annual quota is based is, in the words of the law, "to maintain a healthy stand of all native species of game within the limits imposed by the justified demands of agriculture, forestry and fishing." For example, in a mountain reserve such as ours, which consists of about 70% pasture land, a population of 10 roebuck per 100 acres is considered healthy.

Furthermore, the law says that the quota be reckoned so that the ratio of male to female deer shall be 1 to 1 and for chamois not greater than two males to three females. While this provision is often questioned by conservationists, the reasoning, based on generations of experience, is that an excess of females leads to degeneration of herds.

The finally approved shooting quota for our 2,500-acre reserve was one first-rate stag, four smaller stags, 12 hinds, eight roebuck and 14 does. This quota is not a large one for the acreage, but it should be pointed out that the area lies in intensively worked dairy farmland and is within one or two miles of a bustling village of 6,000. Since the quota is on an annual basis, the seasons are limited only by biological considerations—the breeding season and the development of the antlers. Thus the roebuck season begins in June but does may not be shot before September. Young hinds can be shot beginning in July, and stags beginning in August. All shooting stops as soon as the heavy snow comes, and in any case not later than January 15.

The quota is not simply permissive. It must be fulfilled unless unusual circumstances, such as an early winter, prevent it. Since the system automatically makes the hunter a conservationist as well, there is often a reluctance to shoot the whole quota, particularly the hinds and does, on the theory that the population can be built up for later years. The county agent, however, aided by state game

continued

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ALPINE HUNTING *continued*

wardens and often by the farmers themselves, keeps a sharp eye on what is shot and can impose heavy fines if a hunter fudges his reports.

When, for example, I suggested to my partner that we report more does shot than was the case, he was shocked. "All they have to do is ask the innkeeper how many deer we sold him," he objected. When I suggested we claim we butchered them ourselves and used them at home he laughed in my face. "The county agent caught on to that trick a hundred years ago," he said.

The contract we had signed also required us to pay for damages done by ourselves or by the game to crops or to the forest. As a result of a long hard winter the previous year, the deer had attacked a newly planted nursery of spruce and nipped the tops of the young trees. An impartial commission of forestry experts had evaluated the damage at \$50, which The Knogler and myself had to pay.

The reserve owner is also obliged to provide feeding stations for his game during the winter. This is particularly important in mountain areas, since neither roe nor red deer are naturally mountain animals, having been driven there by population pressures from the plains. While the cost of maintaining feeding stations and providing hay and nutrients is not great, it is often a hard job, especially when heavy snows make it necessary to carry the feed long distances on one's back.

The reserve owner shares with the forestry officials and the police the obligation to protect the game against poachers. The law deals sternly with illegal hunters. Even for the first offense their weapons are confiscated and the fine is considerable. Second or third offenders can be and often are jailed. Because of this, the few poachers who cannot control their hunting passions usually go to extreme lengths to avoid arrest. The prewar German law authorized game wardens and owners to shoot armed poachers after a single warning, but now a more lenient law requires three warnings. Wardens resent

this change, with some justification, claiming that nowadays more wardens are shot by poachers than vice versa.

Finally, the owner of a reserve must pay a substantial yearly sum for his privileges. This is divided among the farmers on whose land he shoots. The sum varies according to the amount of game in the area. In my neighborhood each farmer gets about 40¢ per acre, which, as one of them told me, just about covers the cost of the artificial fertilizers for their fields.

The land-owner-hunter relationship that has plagued hunting in many areas in America is scarcely a problem in the European system. The long lease guarantees that hunters will not overshoot or exploit the territory. It also protects the farmer against damages caused by both the hunter and the game, and it provides a small but sure cash income that the poor mountain farmers, at least, value highly. Since the farmers themselves select the hunter by vote from the highest bidders, they can make sure that he is agreeable to themselves.

Whenever I come back to the United States and exchange hunting experiences with my fellow Americans, they complain that our own fences are in a sorry state of disarray. Yet our problems are basically the same as those on the other side of the Atlantic—growing population pressures, intensified land use and in consequence dwindling of areas where game can thrive and hunters may shoot. In my discussions with sportsmen from Maryland to the West Coast, I often have been asked whether or not some European practices could profitably be adapted to American conditions.

Because of the profound differences in the historical development of the two continents, the hunting problem has been approached from almost diametrically opposite positions. In Europe, where hunting was once the exclusive privilege of the aristocracy—and conservation their exclusive responsibility—a solution was sought through restricting the number of hunters. In America, where hunting was originally a universal right, a solution has been sought by restricting each individual's share of available game. Neither solution has been

continued

entirely satisfactory. To many who are impatient with the lingering remnants of feudalism, the European restrictions on who may hunt seem anachronistic. It would be impractical to suggest that we take over the European system. But it seems to me and to many of my American hunting friends that the present state of hunting in the United States is precarious—because everybody can hunt, nobody can. With the increased hunting pressure, share-reducing through season and bag limitations is rapidly approaching the absurd. Consider the frequent closed seasons, one-day seasons and two-bird bag limits, not to mention the ludicrous buck laws. Yet the difficulty is not basically lack of game. Deer, for instance, have become a serious pest in many areas and more die for lack of food in winter than are shot in season.

Ecologically, the United States is far better off than central Europe. Pennsylvania, for example, has a population only 20% greater than Bavaria's but it is half again as large and has considerably more and better natural habitat for deer. Yet in Bavaria three times as many deer are harvested each season as in Pennsylvania (210,000 to 70,000) and game experts argue that the Pennsylvania hunting harvest could be doubled if not tripled without damaging the herds.

As regards upland birds, the problem again is not lack of game but lack of habitat. Given suitable conditions, nature would soon fill the present vacuum with quail, pheasant and other small nonmigratory game.

The basic difficulty—one that could be readily remedied—is the shortage of land open to hunters. According to the Secretary of Agriculture, 85% of the land suitable for habitat improvement is in private hands. Faced with the burgeoning hordes of shooters, however, many owners have understandably prohibited hunting if only to protect their crops, their properties and even their lives. Each year between 600 and 800 people are killed by hunters and another 3,500 are wounded. One small Virginia landowner recently complained that his family observed the deer season

by keeping the children indoors during daylight hours lest they be mistaken for game by irresponsible hunters.

It seems to me that the European practice suggests means of alleviating this pressure. Because it is so restrictive, the German system taken as a whole would undoubtedly be unacceptable to most American hunters who now have access to public and unposted lands. But if it were adapted to lands now closed to hunting, it might prove useful.

In northern New Jersey, for example, many large farms are overrun with deer yet are closed to hunters. If the owners could be induced to pool or divide their holdings in 2,000- or 3,000-acre tracts and auction the shooting rights on a long-term basis to responsible individuals or sports clubs of their own choosing, the deer pest and the hunting pressure problems could both be eased. The inducement to the landowner to lease would be the small but fixed annual cash income and reimbursement for all damages caused by the hunter or the game. The inducement to the hunter would be reasonably long seasons, as in central Europe, and an annual shooting quota commensurate with his conservation efforts and designed to maintain a healthy stand of game.

Secretary of Agriculture Orville Freeman recently predicted that some 50 million acres of land would soon have to be retired from agriculture. Are these lands to remain idle, outside the national economy, or can they be put to some other worthwhile use for the benefit of their owners and the public? I suggest that here again are lands to which the European practice could be simply and profitably applied, providing large areas for public recreation in the form of hunting.

In two other respects, I think European methods could be profitably adapted. If the landowners and the lessees are to be guaranteed the fruits of their conservation efforts they must be adequately protected against poachers. To treat poachers as mere trespassers, as at present, is not enough. Without supporting the draconic punishments meted out in Europe in the past, I would suggest that at the very least poachers should forfeit their

licenses and their weapons and be made to pay reasonable fines for attempting to steal the fruits of others' labor.

Lastly, the right to roam over the countryside with a loaded gun, it seems to me, is no more inalienable than the right to drive a car over the public highway. To obtain a hunting license the hunter should be required to demonstrate that he knows the rules of the forest, just as the driver must know the rules of the road. Furthermore, the hunter should be able to demonstrate his ability to practice conservation. The test for a hunting license should not be confined to the mere ability to handle a gun—wars have taught most of us that—it should require a knowledge of conservation practices. Such requirements, I believe, would quickly relieve today's acute hunting pressures by eliminating those who consider a shooting permit a license to rove where they please, shooting at anything that moves.

As every genuine hunter knows, the pleasure of hunting is measured not so much by the kill as by the opportunity to go out into the forests and fields, observe the wildlife and pit one's skill against that of the quarry. By the same token, hunting practices and regulations should be judged primarily by the amount of public recreation that they provide for the genuine hunter.

In most states today the average hunter goes out into the woods about 10 times a year—the very same 10 days that every other hunter is tramping through the underbrush. Then, if he survives, he comes home, hangs up his gun and waits for the next year's opening. Is it utopian to envisage a system under which a hunter, either as an individual or as a member of a sports club, can spend all his free weekends and his vacation at his own shooting reserve with his family? In the winter he will be feeding game during hard times, protecting the young wildlife from predators, clearing trails and teaching his own young to observe and stalk wildlife and to handle weapons. Then, from June to the end of the year, he can stalk or sit for his game and carefully select his trophy from his share of his reserve's annual quota. To me, the system makes good sense.

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A roundup of the sports information of the week

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19TH HOLE

THE READERS TAKE OVER

APES IN THE IVY

Sirs:

Dick Kazmaier hits the spot in his *Open Letter to a College President* (Oct. 14), but not hard enough. Athletic "scholarships" are awarded and continued primarily for athletic performance of a certain level. Thus they make their recipients professional athletes, as I think the law, conscience and a sensitive Olympic committee will concur. If a group of sportsmen to whom the Olympics means more than a skirmish in the Cold War would sue next time a genuine amateur is kept off the U.S. squad by a paid ape, this problem could be brought into the open. In football it is finally getting through to the paying customer that the big Ten kind of game is simply the hush league of pro ball; Ivy League football is a genuine college sport.

PROFESSOR MICHAEL SCRIVEN
Indiana University

Bloomington, Ind.

Sirs:

I agree with Princeton's Dick Kazmaier in principle and I admire his school spirit, but I find his smug self-righteousness more than a little nauseating. Perhaps they will be doomed to utter failure, but I fear my three sons will have to survive in this cruel world without exposure to Old Nassau.

ROBERT JELINEK

Syracuse, N.Y.

WAXWORK

Sirs:

In *SCORECARD* ("Image Recaptured," Sept. 30) you mentioned that Mme. Tussaud's had abandoned a plan to model Sonny Liston.

I can assure you a fearsome, life-size model of Sonny is in there on display for any tourist, such as I, to see. It is standing right next to a *petit* Ingemar Johansson.

JIM COURTER

Durham, N.C.

● One model of Liston, made from photographs, is indeed on display (see *right*), but Mme. Tussaud's hoped Sonny would pose for a new effigy when he was in London. "His hands are quite fascinating," a spokesman said, "bigger than most people's feet. We couldn't find a suitable stand-in here."—ED.

INSIDE DOPE

Sirs:

The arguments about whether the first indoor football game was played in 1934

or 1935 are meaningless (19TH HOLE, Oct. 14), because the first indoor game was actually played even earlier. Temple University played it in Convocation Hall in Atlantic City, N.J. around 1930. I believe their opponent was Penn. Military College. There were six inches of dirt on the concrete floor, as it was being used for polo.

ERIC HEWITT

Fairfield, Conn.

Sirs:

Just to set the record straight about who invented indoor football, City College met New York Pharmacy in what was then the Dockel Riding Academy at 116th Street and 11th Avenue on January 12, 1900. The Beavers, then called the St. Nick's, won 25-0 behind the coaching of John F. Condon, the famous "Jafue" of the Lindbergh kidnapping case.

STEVE ABEL

New York City

Sirs:

There were several indoor games before 1934. In 1930 a regulation football field was set up in the Atlantic City Auditorium for a

continued



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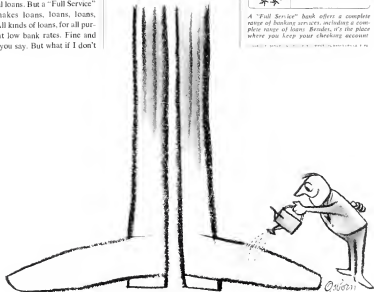
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10TH HOLE continued

game between Lafayette and Washington and Jefferson. In 1890 Amos Alonzo Stagg brought a team from Springfield Training School to play against some All-Stars from Yale in New York's Madison Square Garden.

Webster Groves, Mo

C. L. MANLY

HELP WANTED

Sirs:

In your Sept. 30 issue you presented an article (*Who Can't We Best This Girl?*) about the shortage of women in track and field. Your readers might be interested to know that it is against the regulations of Wyoming's High School Athletic Association for any girl in a public high school to compete against a girl from another school in the state, if she is representing her school. Consequently, we can't promote any competition outside of intramurals.

NONE DEARINGER

Laramie, Wyo.

● High school athletic associations in many other states—among them, Alabama, Colorado, Illinois, Montana, Oregon, Utah and Wisconsin—have similar restrictions concerning inter-scholastic team competition for girls. ED.

Sirs:

The author of your article on the shortage of competent women athletes has missed an important point, athletic programs for our girls and women have been hampered by the mid-Victorian thinking of many groups within our own country.

The AAU has always been in favor of appropriate women's sports. However, eyebrows were raised in 1922 when the AAU officially exposed women's sports by adding women's swimming and track and field to our complement of men's sports.

Every girl cannot be an Olympic champion, but with the enthusiasm of the nation behind an all-out physical fitness effort the natural result will be an increasingly larger number of girls turning to organized competitive athletics.

LOUIS J. FINCH

President,

Amateur Athletic Union of the U.S.

High Point, N.C.

POLLING PLACE

Sirs:

Oklahoma football is the most overrated product since Mussolini's navy (*Texas Makes It Look Simple*, Oct. 21). The myth of Oklahoma supremacy was born largely during a time when Bud Wilkinson was undefeated in 74 straight conference games. This record proves only that he was in a weak conference.

Wilkinson's Okies can't play ball with

Texas and ought to be recognized as the overrated squad they are and have been.

W. A. CURRY

Columbus, Neb.

Sirs:

I've conceived a plan whereby Oklahoma might reverse the disastrous Cotton Bowl trend. I propose that all University of Oklahoma alumni clubs in Texas launch an offensive to draft Darrell Royal as candidate for vice-president of the U.S. Get him nominated and elect him. Get the guy out of Austin!

After all, if the U.S. Senate is good enough for Bud Wilkinson, or vice versa, what better or more ironical arrangement than to have Royal as the presiding officer—a position to which he has become accustomed!

OLIN WYNLAND

Grand Junction, Colo.

SKIDS AND SKATES

Sirs:

Thank you! Thank you! In your Oct. 7 and Oct. 14 issues you have had excellent articles on Grand Prix racing (*The Dais for Clarkhousers at The Glen*) and, in particular, Jimmy Clark (*None So Swift as Wee James*). Clark, as he showed at Indianapolis, is a more skillful driver than most of our heroes. When we Americans realize this, maybe our precious oval racetracks will be converted to skating rinks, while our car races will be held on challenging courses where the driver counts as much as the car.

MICHAEL BRANCHI

Put-in-Bay, Ohio

HOME AND HOME

Sirs:

Puy Al Zippener of Lakeland, The guy scored three touchdowns and only got 12 points. Why? Just the math department's slide-rule calculations at Lakeland College after that bizarre football "game" played when two Wisconsin schools scheduled their Homecoming games the same day with each other. Rather than disappoint anybody, you remember they wound up playing the game half in Sheboygan (Lakeland) one night and half in Milton the next night (Sheboygan, Oct. 7).

Lakeland won the first half by 25-13 at home, then lost the next by 6-0—so, by rearrangement, the whole thing was called a tie in the Gateway Conference standings. And, since they had also agreed to prorate statistics, the math boys got busy and calculated things on the basis of 11-15 of a game inasmuch as they played only 11-minute instead of 15-minute quarters, which accounts for the four-point TDs.

One Lakeland player bulked for 165 yards in 29 carries—but the slide-rule boys gave him only 112 yards in 20 rushes for the two nights' work.

DWIGHT PLEKIN

Sheboygan, Wis.



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